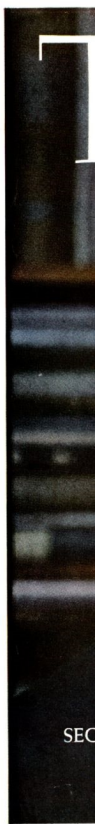


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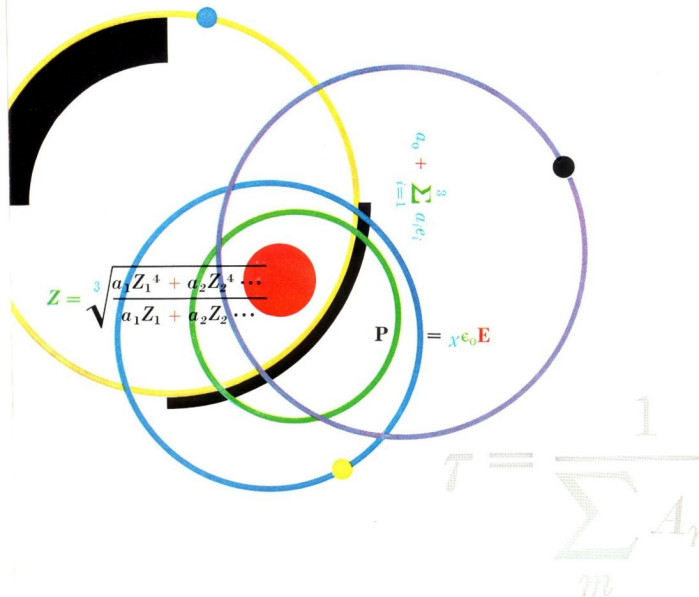
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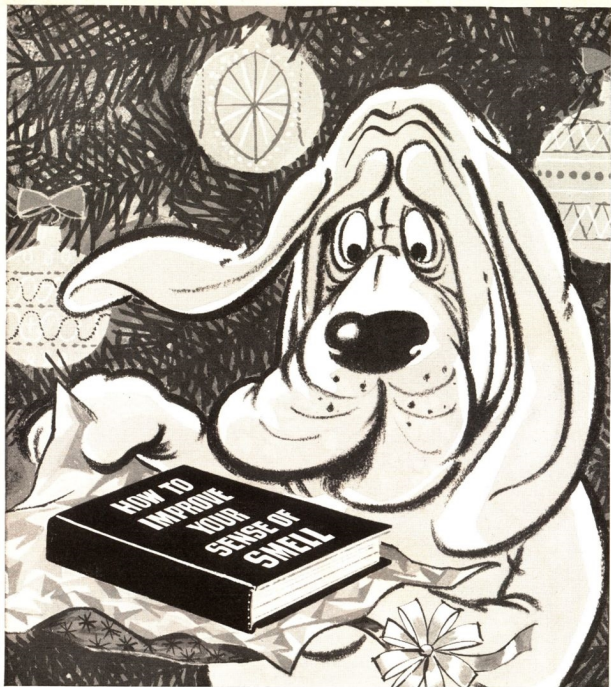
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LETTERS

Man of the Year

Sir: My car, TV set and refrigerator are all paid for. I have lived with my first and only wife for over 32 years. I therefore, modestly but confidently, nominate myself.

LYLE WOODS BRYAN

Warrensburg, Mo.

Sir:

As the Hungarian freedom fighter won TIME's nomination for 1956, I suggest, for 1960, it be the Negro freedom fighter. He fought for equality in the South, political freedom in the new nations of Africa and just freedom in the Union of South Africa.

JOHN DAVID POLHEMUS

Reading, Pa.

Sir:

Permit me to be the first to nominate the character who crawled out from under a piece of *brocthen* just long enough to take a quick look at Wiesbaden and have the unmitigated gall to depict the true life of "Americans Abroad" [Dec. 5].

(MRS.) IDA M. DULANEY

Army Dependent

Friedberg, Germany

Sir:

The Rev. Lloyd A. Foreman of New Orleans. The courage and dignity displayed by him during the recent school integration fight [in New Orleans] should be an example to all of those who believe that this is the land of the free and the home of the brave.

JOHN W. MERRILL

Whittier, Calif.

Sir:

I suggest you give Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld the honor he deserves.

DANIELA JONAS

Tel Aviv, Israel

Sir:

For Stupidest Man of the Year: Belgium's Premier Gaston Eyskens—the man who unleashed the barbaric horde at Léopoldville in July 1960.

D. J. GUBBIN

Tilehurst, Berks., England

Sir:

Your man is Fidel Castro. He has brought Communism to our front door, is now exporting same to countries in South America.

RICARD G. MALONE

Suffern, N.Y.

Sir:

As any fool can plainly see, it is Nikita Khrushchev.

WARREN SNYDER

Evanston, Ill.

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

Sir:

Ike.

JOSEPH N. FEINSTEIN

Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Sir:

Like it or not, Patrice Lumumba.

DONALD C. MCCOY

Chicago

Sir:

As one reader who doesn't care a hoot who gets first to the moon, I nominate the U.S. scientists who have done most in 1960 to improve man's condition here.

H. A. ADAMS

Chicago

Sir:

Pope John—for his efforts to unite Christianity in the struggle against Communism and to help the U.S. to a better understanding of the faith of your President-elect.

JOSEPH McMAHON

Limerick, Ireland

Sir:

President-elect John Kennedy.

FARID SADIK

Taibeh Nathanya, Israel

White House Guests?

Sir:

Will someone please tell Mr. Sinatra, and his ring-a-ding-a-ding-a-ding, ding-ding-mid-dle-aged cheatiniks to keep their pizza-pickin' paws out of the White House? If American prestige is as low as Mr. Kennedy claims, Mr. Sinatra and his friends will certainly not improve the situation at home or abroad.

MRS. WARREN KENEFFICK

Chamblee, Ga.

Norman Mailer

Sir:

Time's assurance that the critical reputation of Norman Mailer has declined since *The Naked and the Dead* [Dec. 5] needs correction. Many critics and fellow writers feel that Mailer's work is of continuing significance and brilliance and that he is one of the few young writers who have not "fallen hard."

JAMES BALDWIN ROBERT LOWELL

JASON EPSTEIN NORMAN PODHORETZ

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ALFRED KAZIN WILLIAM PHILLIPS

New York City

The Mongol Hordes

Sir:

Your description (Dec. 5) of the Wiesbaden area is one-sidedly accurate. The other side is bigger and longer. Sure, there's an ac-

tive social life. We must keep busy. Do you prefer that we exploit the reputation of American womanhood by engaging in quiet prostitution and *Gasthaus* lounging, or should we keep active in scouting, P.T.A., women's clubs and civic activities? The women's club I belonged to adopted a German orphanage; we delivered food to German refugees living in the basement of bombed-out buildings—so dirty that the average American woman would have vomited at the sight.

(MRS.) LOUISE T. BECTON

One of the "Mongol Horde"

Fort Leavenworth, Kans.

Sir:

... Mongol hordes! Please! My wife is now calling me Genghis!

KENNETH NELSON

Panama City, Fla.

Small Colleges

Sir:

Your interesting list of 50 unknown but good colleges [Dec. 5] did not include the one that stood next to Kalamazoo which was mentioned as having 3.67% of its male graduates taking Ph.D.s in chemistry and biochemistry. We find that King College had 3.66% of its male graduates taking this degree. When an institution as poor as this one stands fourth in the nation in comparison with Amherst, Williams, Dartmouth, Reed, Haverford, and Swarthmore, one is bound to call this an indication that our program is not wholly unsuccessful.

R. T. L. LISTON

President

King College

Bristol, Tenn.

Sir:

Thank you for your recognition of the small colleges. Wagner of Staten Island was really small when my husband and I attended it over a decade ago. I am unique in that I earned an R.N., B.S. School and Mrs. all from that one small school. You see, college is not wasted on women; Wagner gave me the most important thing in my life: my husband.

AURORA J. RUFOLO

La Jolla, Calif.

At the Movies

Sir:

Can't you do something about your movie critic? He belongs on one of those small, arty magazines—not on a popular, large-circulation magazine.

PAULINE PHILLIPS

Mobile, Ala.

Sir:

Your fine review of Ingmar Bergman's *The Virgin Spring* approaches the film from the only possible angle—that of the myth that it is. It could serve as an example to other reviewers, too, many of whom fallaciously judge films (and books and plays) on the basis of what they are not, rather than what they are.

SUSAN HEIMANN

New York City

Sir:

Re your review of *G.I. Blues*: I am a Presley fan, and I have 2,000 pictures of him. He is a very good influence (he does not smoke or drink), and his music has kept many of my friends off the street at night because they all love to dance and find his music the best to dance to. In other words, I wish you would kindly refrain from criticizing "The King."

ANNETTE CONANT

Quantico, Va.

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TIME, DECEMBER 26, 1960

Merry Christmas

THE topmost Christmas tree to adorn the Manhattan landscape this year is a 64-ft. "tree of lights" perched on the roof of the new TIME & LIFE Building, high above the Avenue of the Americas.

Forty-eight stories below, on the new building's plaza, there is a massed evergreen display with 28 "star bursts"—wire-sculptured spheres—created by English Sculptress Valerie Clarebout.

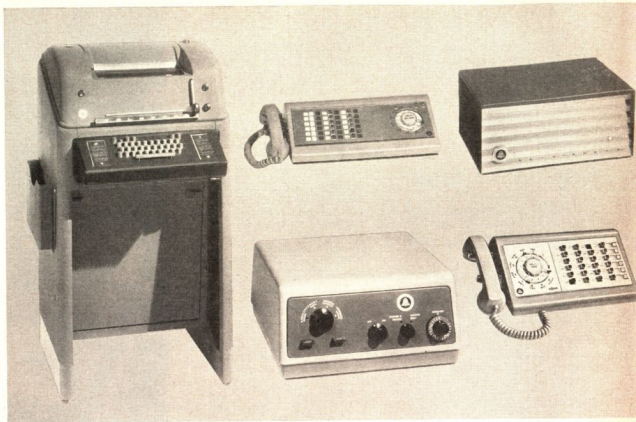
From all of us at TIME to all of you go our warmest wishes for a happy and bountiful New Year.

Bernhard M. Auer
 Publisher



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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Postage Due

President-elect John Kennedy stood in the patio of his father's Palm Beach villa last week and announced the appointment of California Insurance Commissioner J. Edward Day as his Postmaster General. "Having just mailed a letter from Wash-

ington that stirred up almost universal misgivings, and considerable anger, was not a question of left or right but the appointment of the President-elect's own brother Bobby as Attorney General. "A shaky and somewhat embarrassing start," the New York *Herald Tribune* called it.

In age, the Cabinet members averaged 47, four years older than the President-

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT The Great Man Hunt

Soon after the election, Jack Kennedy called his closest advisers together in Palm Beach for a session on Cabinetmaking. His instructions were succinct: "I want to get the best men I can for these Cabinet jobs, and I don't care if they are Democrats, Republicans or Igorots." Kennedy's lieutenants thereupon set forth on the great man hunt. It was a long, laborious and tedious process, checking out the past performances and future potentialities of dozens of men. There were grumbings that Kennedy was vacillating and taking a long time with the job.⁹ But when he fed out the last of his Cabinet choices last week, there was widespread agreement that he had assembled some promising advisers and executives.

As usual, the tight little Kennedy inner group had done the kind of meticulous preparation that should fascinate political science classes for years to come. A screening committee of veteran Kennedy staffers, headed by Brother-in-Law Sargent Shriver and Larry O'Brien, began combing banks, foundations, campuses and corporations for the names of likely candidates and assembling background data. In some cases, very little research was needed (e.g., Arkansas Senator Bill Fulbright, who was already well known to Kennedy). In others (e.g., Dean Rusk and Robert McNamara, whom Kennedy had never met), a complete dossier was ordered. As new possibilities surfaced, the FBI, as always, provided full security checks on each man, and Kennedy's right-hand man, Ted Sorensen, gave his imprimatur to the political background.

Road to Pakistan. Every day, Sarge Shriver arrived at Kennedy's Georgetown home with a bulging briefcase in hand and a few comments to make on the virtues and liabilities of prospects. Kennedy kept as busy as his staff, making telephone calls on his own all over the country, poring over the papers that Shriver brought him (e.g., the collected speeches and writings of Rusk), questioning visitors who filed endlessly through his drawing room. Before approving Harvard's David Bell as Budget Director, the Kennedy dragnets even checked Pakistan to see how he had done as an economic

⁹ In 1912-13, when four months elapsed between election and inauguration, Woodrow Wilson disappeared for a leisurely month's seclusion in Bermuda, announced his entire Cabinet on Inauguration Day.



Walter Bennett

PRESIDENT-ELECT KENNEDY & HIS ATTORNEY GENERAL
A trial balloon, then not too soon.

ington to Boston and having it take eight days to get there, I am hopeful we can improve the postal service," said Kennedy. With this typically self-confident postscript, Jack Kennedy's selection of his Cabinet was complete.

Collectively, the Cabinet wound up squarely in the middle of the Democratic road—and miles from the left-side soft shoulder that sometimes seemed to be promised in Kennedy campaigning. Reading from right to left they ranged from North Carolina Democrat Luther Hodges (Commerce), 62, through Republican Douglas Dillon (Treasury), 51, and Independent Robert McNamara (Defense), 44, through Middle-Roading Abe Ribicoff (Health, Education and Welfare), 50, Labor Lawyer Arthur Goldberg (Labor), 52, to dogmatic Fair Dealer Orville Freeman (Agriculture), 42. The anchor man was Secretary of State Dean Rusk, more diplomat than Democrat, though both. The

elect himself. There were six Protestants, two Jews, one Roman Catholic and one Mormon, or—to put it another way—three Governors, two businessmen, two lawyers, two State Department hands and a Congressman. Some critics thought that, as individuals, they were an unspectacular lot, and wondered whether Kennedy had planned it that way. But they were indisputably impressive in total and they added up to an impression of the kind of "vigah" that Kennedy had long promised "to get America moving again."

If President-elect and Cabinet were now holiday-inclined to relax and enjoy the headlines about themselves, there were plenty of other headlines—from Ethiopia to Laos—to jog them into awareness of what they were up to. Along with Postmaster Day, they will be carrying the world's most valuable mail when they begin their appointed rounds a month hence.

adviser to the government. Checking up on another contender, Jack Kennedy was told that the prospect had once been considered quite a lady-killer (Jack's reaction: an indulgent chuckle).

Names were leaked to newsmen to sound out public reaction. The name of Bobby Kennedy, as his brother's Attorney General, was floated to the New York Times four weeks ago, and brought immediate outcries of impropriety. Jack satisfied himself that the objections were serious but not fatal, and withheld Bobby's appointment till the last moment, while the public was told of other choices. Another trial balloon, Bill Fulbright as Secretary of State, was quickly shot down by Negro groups and Northern liberals who feared his tepid segregationist background. Negro Congressman William Dawson, 74, suggested as a possible Postmaster General, was never seriously considered as a candidate despite Dawson's announced refusal of the job and Kennedy's public regrets. But as a trial balloon, his consideration presumably won a smidgen of gratitude from some Negroes (who had displayed a conspicuous ingratitude for civil rights advances under President Eisenhower).

Jack Kennedy's most delicate problem was what to do with the liberals he had courted assiduously and yet—because of the closeness of his election—did not want to put in top posts. Governor G. Mennen ("Soapy") Williams had his taste buds all set for a Cabinet job and was politically deserving, having "pledged" Michigan's 51 votes at a crucial hour before the Democratic Convention. Kennedy skillfully and carefully built up the importance of the post of Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, announced it early with heavy fanfare, and Soapy gracefully accepted. Liberal Adlai Stevenson was headed off to be Amba-

sador to the United Nations, and the job was made to sound more glamorous than the Secretary of State's own.

A strenuous effort to draft Manhattan Banker Robert Lovett, a Republican who held down half a dozen key offices with distinction in the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations, failed because of his poor health, but Lovett was a prime mover in recommending Rusk and McNamara. Bobby Kennedy was the most reluctant candidate, fearing the public and political wrath over a brother act in the new Administration—but he was finally persuaded, after Jack conferred with him in an upstairs bedroom (to escape the milling crowds belowstairs) for 20 minutes, and again, after another wave of misgivings, at breakfast 36 hours later.

One of the hardest to land was Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon. Kennedy never considered a liberal for the Treasury post, sought his men almost exclusively in the ranks of conservative bankers. World Bank President Eugene Black, 62, was easily the most admired prospect, but after John McCloy, board chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank, and Lovett refused the lure, Kennedy decided that Republican Dillon was his man, and went after him personally. Once last week the President-elect went to the length of going secretly to Dillon's Washington home. Dillon accepted only after checking Dwight Eisenhower and Dick Nixon to make sure they would not resent his decision.

Back to Ann Arbor. In nearly every case the acid test was a personal interview with Kennedy. Shriver had arranged a Georgetown meeting with McNamara during a scouting expedition to Detroit, and McNamara passed the test with highest marks. About half an hour after McNamara was ushered into the Kennedy home, he and the President-elect emerged to tell the shivering press that a Defense



SECRETARY OF STATE RUSK
A play, then his boy.

UPI

Secretary had been found (McNamara's black Lincoln Continental was kept purring at the curb, with an aide inside holding a car telephone to relay the news to Mrs. McNamara in Ann Arbor). "He was decisive and incisive," said a Kennedy aide. "That's what Jack liked."

Others failed to meet the confrontation test. Fred V. Heinkel, head of the Missouri Farmers Association, was a leading contender for Agriculture Secretary until he arrived in Georgetown. But he had no answers to several key questions put to him by Kennedy. Jack was astounded and, to double-check, had Bobby question Heinkel alone. When Heinkel left, late in the afternoon, he was no longer in the running. Jack settled on Minnesota's defeated Governor Orville Freeman, a Marine combat veteran, for Agriculture.

Through the busy week Jack Kennedy worked as though he were still in the middle of the campaign. Outside 3307 N Street reporters shuffled on the sidewalk dressed like Eskimos, waiting for each new appointment, in the coldest assignment since the Winter Olympics.* At week's end Jack Kennedy flew off to the balmy climes of Palm Beach for a big family reunion and a long Christmas vacation. Said Clark Clifford, the organizational draftsman for the new Administration: "In my experience, I have never seen the time, study and effort go into the selection of a Cabinet that has gone into this one."

* The undoubted toast of the National Press Club was a Kennedy neighbor, Helen Louise Montgomery, who opened her front parlor to the frigid newsmen, amiably permitted the installation of four telephones and passed around hot coffee and plates of "Mamie Eisenhower fudge."



DEFENSE SECRETARY McNAMARA
A find with a mind.

UPI

NEW ADMINISTRATION

The Eagle Has Two Claws

(See Cover)

The afternoon Congressional from Washington bumped to a halt in a gloomy cavern beneath Manhattan's Pennsylvania Station one evening last week. Amid the crowd that surged out onto the platform, indistinguishable from his fellow passengers except for an extra bit of height (6 ft. 1 in.) and an extra gleam in his eye, walked a middle-aged man with a battered suitcase in his hand and his coat collar turned up against the wintry drafts. As he made his way through the station to the snow-blanketed street to hail himself

Dulles was a longtime Rusk admirer. So was Rusk's old boss at State, Secretary Dean Acheson; an aide reported that Acheson "couldn't be happier" about Kennedy's decision. Said Kennedy, explaining why he picked Rusk: "He seemed to me to be the best man available."

Respect for Complexity. In part, the State Department's enthusiasm for its new boss-to-be stems from its awareness of the professional seasoning he accumulated in the Truman years. "He'll be able to take up his work the first day here, just as if he were walking from one office into another," predicts an old State Department colleague of Rusk's. But the enthusiasm also reflects a respect for the quali-

ties. He puts little faith in trying to cope with the complexities of foreign relations with either dramatic new policies or coups of face-to-face negotiation. A policy, he says, is "a galaxy of utterly complicated factors," not something that suddenly pops out of somebody's head. As for face-to-face encounters between world statesmen: "Summit diplomacy is to be approached with the wariness with which a prudent physician prescribes a habit-forming drug." He thinks that Presidents should stay away from summits, leave negotiating to the Secretary of State—and that the Secretary should leave it, as much as possible, to ambassadors.

"Tempting Theft." Instead of bold new ideas and personal diplomacy, Dean Rusk plans to bring to the foreign relations of the U.S. thoroughgoing staff work, precision and forethought. He believes that precision is needed to forestall miscalculation by enemies and friends. While he was a student in Germany in the summer of 1932, he likes to relate, a canoe that he had left unguarded was stolen. Police went after the thief, but a magistrate fined Rusk for "tempting theft." In its foreign relations, says Rusk, the U.S. must be careful not to "tempt theft" by failing to let the Communists know precisely where it stands on important issues. "We must not let the other side speculate on how much they can get away with."

As an Assistant Secretary of State he kept in his top drawer a big lined yellow pad on which he listed all the problems that he should be worrying about—"as many as 70 to 80 worries at a time," a friend recalls. Some of the worries went away, some were solved, some blossomed into full-scale crises. But the sum total verified his creed that forethought should be a foundation stone of U.S. foreign policy. In a complex and changing world, he argues, it is not enough to think about problems and challenges as they arise. "We are going to have to aim at the future," he says, "if we expect to come on target in the present. Otherwise, our problems fly by and we just knock off a few tail feathers."

Pursuit of Excellence. David Dean Rusk (he decided early in life to drop the David) has come a long way from his edge-of-poverty beginnings in Georgia, but the qualities that he will bring to his new job trace back to his pinched but nourishing origins.

Rusk's father was an ordained Presbyterian minister who had to give up the pulpit because a throat ailment kept him from preaching. At the time Dean was born, the fourth of five children, the elder Rusk was scratching a living as a rural schoolteacher and a small cotton farmer in Cherokee County. When Dean was four, his father got a job as a mail carrier in Atlanta, and the family moved to a frame house on Whitehall Street, just beyond the edge of the Negro district. The children wore underwear made at home out of flour sacks, often trundled along the nearby railroad tracks in winter



DIPLOMAT RUSK & FRIENDS AT UNITED NATIONS MEETING IN 1948*
A respect for complexity is the beginning of wisdom.

Tale Joel

a taxi, nobody recognized him as one of the nation's most important citizens, a man who on Jan. 20 would be assuming a public office with such awesome responsibilities that the virtues or shortcomings of its incumbent could affect the destinies of the world. He was Dean Rusk, 51, president of the Rockefeller Foundation, and he was on his way home from Palm Beach, Fla., where, on a sunlit porch two days before, President-elect John F. Kennedy had announced his appointment as the next Secretary of State.

At home and abroad, the appointment of Plain Citizen Dean Rusk to the new Administration's most important Cabinet post set off a puzzled reaching for reference books to find out who Dean Rusk is. To the intimate few who had seen Dean Rusk in action at the War Department or State Department during a decade of solid Government service, the news brought a fraternal glow of delight. "A terrific appointment," said one State Department official. "When I heard about it, I was really overjoyed." The late John Foster

ties of mind and character that Dean Rusk showed at State.

His former associates in government service remember Rusk as a quietly dedicated man, a beaver who never tried to promote himself, who combined easygoing geniality with intellectual toughness. His ability to persuade by marshaling facts and arguments in logical array also impressed. "I don't recall that he ever had to say no to anybody," says one former colleague, "because they usually came around to his point of view."

Unlike many logical-minded men, who can pierce to the point but often miss the surrounding nuances, Dean Rusk has an eye for the complexity of things, rejects the notion that diplomacy is simple applied common sense. "A respect for complexity is the beginning of wisdom," he

* In the Belgian delegation: Paul-Henri Spaak, right. The U.S. delegation, second row: Francis Sayre, Rusk; front row: Eleanor Roosevelt, John Foster Dulles, Secretary Warren Austin, Secretary of State George C. Marshall.

to gather stray lumps of coal. But the parents had something more valuable than material advantages to give. "We grew up," recalls Dean's elder brother Roger, a University of Tennessee physics professor, "in a strict atmosphere of moral integrity, imposed by both parents and schoolteachers. We were under constant admonition to excel, to go out in the world and do something. Be different, do your best, they told us. We were always striving for excellence."

Dean achieved distinction of a sort at birth; he weighed an extraordinary 11 lbs.,* and he was delivered into the world by a veterinarian. He started school with the second grade, skipping the first because he had already learned to read by poring over his brothers' schoolbooks. Term after term, his report cards showed nearly all A's. A Boys' High School teacher recalls him as "one of the few students I came across in 45 years of teaching who seemed to be born mature and adequate to any situation." The 1925 high school yearbook records that 16-year-old Dean ("Rusty") Rusk was president of the senior class, colonel of the school R.O.T.C. regiment, president of the Hi-Y Club, a member of the honor society, the debating council and the track squad, associate editor of the school newspaper—and editor of the yearbook. It did not record that he had started up a class in Greek along the way.

The Great Seal. At age twelve, Dean drafted a clairvoyant document entitled "What I Plan to Do with the Next Twelve Years of My Life." The schedule called for finishing high school, then working for two years to earn money to go to college, then attending North Carolina's Davidson College (where his father had studied), then winning a Rhodes scholarship and studying at Oxford. True to his plan, he worked as a general helper in a small law office for two years after high school, then used his savings to get started at Davidson College (which he calls "the poor man's Princeton"), where he majored in political science. At Davidson, he recalls, he "never stopped running." Between classes, he ran to and from a \$50-a-month job in a local bank, waited on boardinghouse tables in exchange for meals, got elected president of the student Y.M.C.A., became captain of the campus R.O.T.C., and won a Phi Beta Kappa key. Mindful that Rhodes scholarship selection committees take athletics into account, Dean Rusk went out for track, tennis, baseball and basketball.

Some members of the Rhodes scholarship selection committee that passed on Dean Rusk were puzzled by an apparent contradiction in him. On his scholarship application he had said that his main purpose at Oxford would be to study ways of achieving world peace, but all through high school and college he had worked hard at being an R.O.T.C. officer. How did he reconcile these two directions? Replied Rusk: "The eagle on the Great

STATE'S NO. 2 MAN Chester Bowles

Named last week to be Under Secretary of State: Chester Bliss Bowles, 59.

ON THE floor of the Senate, one day in 1951, members broke into a bitter partisan wrangle over the confirmation of Chester Bowles as Ambassador to India. At one point, Ohio's prestigious Republican Robert Taft rose to speak. "He is not a diplomatic man!" said he. "I have had a great deal of experience with him." Bob Taft's succinct characterization of Chester Bowles gets general approval despite the fact that over a period of 20 years, Bowles has plowed through a long series of jobs that generally require the soft, sure touch of tact. What he lacked in the diplomat's pouch of tact, he made up for with a bottomless bag of ideas, a gift of gab and unswerving earnestness for his causes.

Grandson of wealthy, ardent Republican Samuel Bowles, who edited the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, Bowles got proper schooling (Choate, Yale), left the family newspaper (he opposed his father's opposition to the League of Nations) for Madison Avenue, where he and Friend William Benton organized the highly successful advertising agency, Benton & Bowles. (Bowles's contribution to Hellmann's Mayonnaise: "Double-whipped.") By 1941, Bowles had made himself a million dollars, "retired" at 40 and set out to double-whip the world.

Though a Wilsonian and Rooseveltian Democrat, Bowles was an early member of the isolationist America First Committee, as were many other New Dealers. His eagerness for public service got him at length into Washington, where he was F.D.R.'s price administrator and Truman's boss of the Office of Economic Stabilization. At war's end he fought successfully to keep controls on wages and prices in the name of an orderly transition to a peacetime economy; as a result, he amassed one army of bitter conservative enemies and another of happy liberal disciples. After one earnest but tactless term as Governor of Connecticut (1949-51), he was defeated for re-election, got a Truman appointment as Ambassador to India.

In New Delhi, Bowles was as un-diplomatic a diplomat as the class-conscious Indians had ever seen. He and his wife rode bicycles through the streets, sent their three children to local Indian schools, studied *Hindi* in *Thirty Days*. He got along fine with Nehru, but sometimes, say his critics, at the expense of the U.S. interest.



WALTER BENNETT

Once, Bowles publicly and unprofessionally took India's side in the Kashmir dispute, and some critics thought he bent over too far in helping Nehru squeeze as much U.S. aid out of Washington as the traffic would bear. Bowles's dedication and fervent propagandizing helped to form a strong pro-India lobby in the U.S.

Bowles made a stab at the Senate in 1958 (he and ex-Partner Benton ran against each other for the Connecticut Democratic nomination; both lost to a third candidate), then ran a successful race for the House, but gave up his seat this year to devote himself to Kennedy's campaign. Over the years, he has turned out dozens of articles and seven books on foreign affairs and economics, all of them vibrating with the liberal tones of the big-government planner and spender. With Kennedy's blessing he was chief author of the eloquent thousand and one utopian promises in the Democratic platform in Los Angeles. He also served as a somewhat neglected Kennedy foreign policy adviser in the campaign.

Bowles still wears Madison Avenue's grey flannel suits and button-down-collared shirts, has rarely been seen in formal clothes. For recreation he is a real canvas sailor, reluctantly gave up his 50-ft. yawl for a small sailboat when his children grew up. Twice married (he and his first wife were divorced in 1933), he has five children; Son Samuel passed up a Rhodes scholarship to teach school in Nigeria; Daughter Cynthia did a stint as a nurse for the World Health Organization in India.

Just how deep Chester Bowles will be able to dig in his bag of ideas in his new job will depend on Jack Kennedy and Dean Rusk. It could be very deep, for he will be, after all, No. 2 in the State Department.

* Average weight of U.S. male newborns: 7 lbs. 10 oz. Only about one in 500 weighs 11 lbs.



Seal has two claws, one with an olive branch and the other with arrows."

At St. John's College, Oxford, Rusk studied politics, philosophy and economics, played tennis and lacrosse, won Oxford's Cecil Peace Prize of £100 (then \$400) for a paper on "Relations Between the British Commonwealth and the League of Nations." During the summer vacations he got in extra studies at German universities.

Toward the end of his Oxford days, Rusk got a telegram from the U.S. offering him a job as an assistant professor of political science at Mills College at \$2,000 a year. That was his only job prospect in the Depression year 1934, and he cabled an acceptance right away. Then he hurried to the library to look up Mills College, was surprised to learn that it was a school for girls in Oakland, Calif. At Mills, youthful, prematurely bald Professor Rusk found not only an occupation but a wife: he married Virginia Foiese, a former student of his, and, like him, a Phi Beta Kappa ("One takes an interest in one's best students").

"We'll Change That Rule." The approach of war found Dean Rusk prepared, as usual: thanks to his R.O.T.C. training, he held a commission as a captain in the Army Reserve. He was called to active duty as an infantry officer, but a War Department punch-card machine snatched him away to noncombatant duty; the Army was looking for an officer who knew something about the British Empire, and the sorting machine noted that Captain Rusk had gone to Oxford. Ordered to Washington to become head of the "British Empire" section of G-2 (military intelligence), Rusk was distressed to find that the files consisted of a couple of drawers of yellowing New York Times clippings, a handbook on India and Ceylon, and a military attaché's report filed from London in 1925. With the help of a young second lieutenant named Robert Goheen (now president of Princeton University), Rusk methodically set about building up the files.

Working in the British Empire section of the Office of Strategic Services in those days was Ralph Bunche, later to become a high United Nations official and a winner of the Nobel Prize for Peace (1950). Bunche recalls that one evening when he and Rusk were both

working late, Rusk suggested that they eat at the officers' mess in the old Munitions Building. Bunche pointed out that the place had an unwritten ban on Negroes. Georgian Rusk still retains traces of Dixie in his speech and manner (both of his grandfathers served in the Confederate army), but he is free of race prejudice. "Well," said Rusk, as Bunche recalls it, "we'll change that rule right now." Encountering frosty stares, the two marched into the cafeteria. Says Bunche: "That's the kind of man Dean Rusk is." Today Rusk knows that segregation is one of the heaviest burdens U.S. diplomacy has to bear.

Delicate Mission. In 1943 Rusk went to India to serve, as a colonel, on the staff of General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, U.S. commander in the China-Burma-India theater. Operating out of Delhi, Rusk flew the Hump 14 times in his delicate mission of trying to get the British and Chinese forces to step up their efforts, wound up as deputy chief of staff of the C.B.I. theater. After the war he shuttled back and forth between jobs in the State and War Departments, was invited by Secretary of State George Catlett Marshall to head up the Office of Special Political Affairs in 1947 (previous occupant: Alger Hiss).

Rusk was something of an anomaly at State: neither careerman nor political appointee, but a citizen diplomat (he has yet to own a pair of striped pants). In 1949, Secretary Acheson reached over the heads of seasoned careermen and tapped Rusk to take over the newly created post of Deputy Under Secretary in charge of policy coordination, No. 3 job in the department. "It was simple," recalls James Webb, who as Under Secretary was No. 2. "We just decided that Rusk was the best man we had."

In 1950 Dean Acheson's State Department came under a heavy cannonade for its placid tolerance of the Communists' conquest of China and its outright hostility to the beleaguered Chinese Nationalists under Chiang Kai-shek. During a shake-up in State's Far Eastern division, Rusk went to Webb and volunteered to step down from Deputy Under Secretary and take over direction of Far Eastern affairs. With no responsibility for past China policy, Rusk felt relatively invulnerable to criticism. Webb and Acheson agreed that the shift would make sense.

History-Making Venture. Among the innovations that the State Department introduced at Rusk's urging was a round-the-clock "watch." An Assistant Secretary was always to be on call in case of emergency. On the night of June 25, 1950, when the U.S. ambassador in Seoul cabled that Communist troops had invaded South Korea, State's watch officer was Assistant Secretary Rusk, and the Pentagon's watch officer was Army Secretary Frank Pace (now president of General Dynamics). Rusk saw two facts clearly that very first night: 1) if the U.S. failed to intervene to halt Communist aggression in Korea, the free world's confidence in the U.S. would suffer a smashing blow, and 2)

the temporary Russian boycott of the U.N. Security Council gave the U.S. a precious opportunity, unblocked by a Russian veto, to intervene through the United Nations. Rusk telephoned Acheson, got his permission to get U.N. Secretary-General Trygve Lie started on summoning an emergency meeting of the Security Council. ("Go back to bed," Rusk told Under Secretary Webb, "and show up at 9 o'clock in the morning. By then Pace and I will have been up all night and will be tired.") Tired or not, next morning Rusk bent all his gifts of argument in Administration councils on the side of prompt U.S. military intervention in Korea. His viewpoint prevailed, and the following day the U.N., under U.S. leadership, embarked on a history-making venture in collective security.

Fittingly, it fell to Dean Rusk, in May 1951, to make clear the demise of the old State Department hostility to Chiang Kai-shek. The U.S., Rusk flatly declared in a landmark speech in Manhattan, recognized the Chiang government as the true government of the Republic of China, "even though the territory under its control is severely restricted. The Peking regime," he said, "is not the government of China. It does not pass the first test. It is not Chinese." Later Rusk worked closely with John Foster Dulles, who had been brought in to negotiate the Japanese Treaty, then went to Japan himself to work out a separate agreement on stationing U.S. forces in Japan.

When the Rockefeller Foundation set about looking around for a new president, Dulles and Defense Secretary Robert A. Lovett, both trustees of the foundation, convinced their fellow trustees that Dean Rusk was the best man for the job. In mid-1952 Rusk moved his family to suburban Scarsdale, N.Y. (65% for Nixon last November, despite Rusk's efforts as local chairman of the Democratic Party



AS A C.B.I. OFFICER (1944)
A punch card sent him over the Hump.

campaign committee). He disappeared from public view into the comparatively calm harbor of the Rockefeller Foundation to preside over the spending of some \$250 million in worldwide do-good projects over the course of eight years.

At Home & Abroad. When he emerges from that harbor a month hence, Rusk will be assuming what he himself once called an "almost impossible office." Not all of the problems he faces lie beyond the seas. Morale in the State Department has been badly depressed by the frustrating sense of merely "treading water" since Foster Dulles died and Christian Herter took over as Secretary. And Rusk might well have touchy going with such political headliners as Adlai Stevenson, Chester Bowles and G. Mennen Williams, all of them with vociferous political clagues, and better known than Dean Rusk.

Both Stevenson and Bowles cherished hopes of becoming Kennedy's Secretary of State, and over the years both have gone on record with thick sheaves of foreign-policy pronouncements. Stevenson was an early advocate of unilateral suspension of nuclear tests, and the nuclear-test issue is one of the touchiest that the new Administration will have to decide—not necessarily Stevenson's way. Bowles has become identified with the "two Chinas" policy of recognizing the Communist regime as the government of mainland China in return for Communist recognition of Formosa as a separate and independent nation—an even touchier issue, and a proposal that Peking, as well as Taipei, has already spurned.

The Way to Prevail. Rusk himself is unworried about predictions that Stevenson and Bowles will crowd his authority. "Foreign relations are big and complex enough to give everyone more than enough to do," he says serenely. Actually President Kennedy will hold the key to State Department prestige. "Knowing Dean," said a friend, "I expect that he has explored that subject."

Rusk is unconcerned, too, about the prospect that John F. Kennedy will be his own maker of foreign policy. As Rusk sees it, that is just the way it ought to be. "It is possible for the President to delegate too much to his Secretary of State," he says. "The President has great prerogatives, which he must retain in his own hands. The President is in charge of the raw power of the State."

Other Ruskisms:

¶ On himself: "I am an optimist."

¶ On his methods: "I depend on careful briefings. I don't play hunches."

¶ On Stevenson's appointment to the United Nations: "The chief of the U.N. should be comparable in ability and standing to the Secretary of State himself."

¶ On Western Europe: "We and they together have a job to do in the underdeveloped world."

¶ On Policies: "The effectiveness of a policy is the readiness of the country to sustain it."

¶ On Decisions: "Power gravitates to those who are willing to make decisions and live with the results."

¶ On Working with the President: "The Secretary of State cannot get intimate with the President unless they work at it—and unless they're both in town."

¶ On Preparedness: "I do not believe that we as a nation have mobilized the capabilities we have to anticipate the problems that exist even on the near horizon."

The greatest problem of all, Rusk believes, will be the continuing conflict with Communism: "I expect the struggle to be dynamic and intense."

To prevail in that struggle, Rusk believes, the U.S. needs only to remember,

CRIME

The Man from Peyton Place

The quiet, tree-lined town of Gilmanston, N.H. enjoyed a fleeting notoriety when Townswoman Grace Metalious renamed it Peyton Place. Behind Gilmanston's doors, Novelist Metalious found fictional murderers, abortionists and deviates. But somehow she overlooked Richard Pavlick, 73, a slight, white-haired postal clerk and onetime mental patient, whose only aberration seemed to be writing angry letters to newspapers and to public



WITH U.N. AMBASSADOR ADLAI STEVENSON
Plenty of work to go around.

Associated Press

in effect, that the Eagle has two claws. The U.S., he says, "is not a raft tossed by the winds and waves of historical forces over which it has little control. Its dynamic power, physical and ideological, generates historical forces; what it does or does not do makes a great deal of difference to the history of man in this epoch."

"When the emphasis of discussion falls too heavily on the limitations of policy, I recall from early childhood the admonition of the circuit preacher: 'Pray as if it were up to God; work as if it were up to you.'"

THE ATOM Member of the Club

Fortnight ago word leaked out that another nation had joined the U.S., Britain, Russia and France in the world's select little club of atomic powers. But which? Some said Sweden. But last week the London *Daily Express* reported that the new member of the club is Israel. The story was diplomatically denied by Israel, but the word in Washington is that Israel indeed has begun to produce fissionable material—although it is still a considerable way from producing an atom bomb.

figures. One day last month Richard Pavlick decided to do something worthy of inclusion in *Peyton Place*: he made up his mind to kill a President-elect.

He took ten sticks of dynamite, some blasting caps and wire, and began to shadow Jack Kennedy. He eased the cottage in Hyannisport, sized up the house in Georgetown, headed south for Palm Beach. "The security," he said later, "was lousy." His plans were to rig himself up as a human bomb and explode in Kennedy's presence. "The Kennedy money bought him the White House," Richard Pavlick said. "I wanted to teach the United States the presidency is not for sale."

But security was not all that asleep. The Secret Service got word of a letter Pavlick had written, proclaiming his ambitions. A nationwide alarm went out for his arrest. On Royal Poinciana Way in Palm Beach last week, a policeman spotted Pavlick's car, arrested him for driving on the wrong side of the center line. In the car, police officers found the dynamite. "In a way, I'm glad it's turned out the way it has," said Richard Pavlick as he was held on \$100,000 bail for the first assassination attempt on Jack Kennedy. "But I don't like the publicity."

SIX FOR THE KENNEDY CABINET

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Robert Strange McNamara, 44. "In our business," says Automaker Henry Ford II, "we are lucky if we make the right decision 51% of the time. What I have noticed about Bob McNamara is that he makes an awful lot of right decisions."

The first Henry Ford, unlike his grandson, might have thought scholarly Robert McNamara, president of the Ford Motor Co., an odd choice to be top man in either Dearborn or the Pentagon. San Francisco-born, Bob McNamara was a sophomore Phi Beta Kappa at the University of California. He went on to Harvard Business School for a master's degree, taught there for three years after working briefly for the accounting firm of Price, Waterhouse & Co. Although 4-F (eye trouble) during World War II, McNamara wangled a captain's commission in the Army Air Forces, eventually joined a team of ten young officers who were exploring the then new field of statistical control of vast Air Force supply. At war's end the team sold itself as a package to Ford, soon became known in the company as the "Whiz Kids."

None of the Whiz Kids grew into executive manhood faster than McNamara. Starting as a financial analyst, he was named company controller in 1949, group vice president in charge of all car and truck divisions in 1957. Last month, just one day after Kennedy won the election, McNamara was made the first non-Ford ever to serve as president of the nation's second largest auto firm (TIME, Nov. 21).

Even within the Ford hierarchy, businesslike Bob McNamara was to many little more than an awesome name. Up daily at 6, he was at his desk in Dearborn no later than 7:30, seldom left before 6. He rarely attended the hail-fellow parties other automen love, even more rarely invited the brass to his home—a modest, \$50,000 English Tudor house near the University of Michigan campus in Ann Arbor, far from the mansions of most other auto executives in Bloomfield Hills and Grosse Pointe. An ardent mountain climber, McNamara reads widely and well (current choices: *The Phenomenon of Man*, W. W. Rostow's *The Stages of Growth*), urges his favorites on often bewildered fellow executives. His mind, says a friend who has seen him in Ann Arbor discussions, "is a beautiful instrument, free from leanings and adhesions, calm and analytical." He and his wife Margaret (they have two daughters and a son) are active in Ann Arbor civic work. McNamara is an elder in the Presbyterian Church, practices such stern business ethics that he refuses all Christmas gifts from business contacts, rents a car on vacation rather than borrow one from the company pool. In politics, McNamara is a lukewarm, liberal Republican who often

contributes to Democratic candidates. This year he voted for Kennedy.

At Ford, McNamara played a major role in bringing out the compact, best-selling Falcon (and a lesser one in putting together the ill-fated Edsel). He also dismayed car connoisseurs by changing the sporty Thunderbird from a two-seater to a four-seater—a decision, however, that more than tripled "T-bird" sales. As a reward for such judgments, McNamara has become a millionaire, and last year earned \$410,000 (about \$150,000 after taxes). Last week McNamara announced that in addition to taking a mammoth salary cut to serve as Defense Secretary (statutory pay: \$35,000, plus use of a chauffeured Cadillac), he would sell his 24,250 shares of Ford stock, drop options on 10,000 more shares—a potential personal loss of more than \$3,000,000. Typically, McNamara turned down the suggestion from a Kennedy staffer that he should sell the stock to his children, thereby avoiding the loss without violating any conflict-of-interest law.

McNamara was suggested for Defense by Manhattan Banker Robert Lovett, himself a onetime Secretary of Defense (1951-53), who had first been offered the job in the Kennedy Administration. The Pentagon, highly fond of retiring Secretary Thomas Gates, sighed at the thought of educating the fourth Secretary in eight years, and some recalled the memory of the lackluster regime (1953-57) of another automan, General Motors ex-President "Engine Charlie" Wilson. (In an echo of Wilson's oft-quoted remark, a newsman asked McNamara: "Do you believe that what's good for Ford is good for the country?" Replied McNamara: "I shall act in the interest of the country. That is all I will say on the subject.")

Detroit associates expect that McNamara will be dutifully efficient in following Jack Kennedy's lead; they also expect that his austere manner and lack of defense experience may lead to personal difficulties until he gets the feel of Washington and his new job. Once he does, it will be clearly good for the Pentagon and the U.S. if the man from Ford can go on making "an awful lot of right decisions."

SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

Clarence Douglas Dillon, 51. Two days before Jack Kennedy named him Secretary of the Treasury, Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs Douglas Dillon met in Paris with diplomats from 19 other nations to sign the charter of a new international outfit called the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development. The aims of the charter very much reflect Dillon's own long-range attitudes. The idea is to build a sound international economic structure, with emphasis on free trade and joint Western development of the fledgling na-



ED BAILEY
McNAMARA

DILLON

tions. In his new Treasury job, Dillon will be looking through the other end of the telescope. He will be charged with building a sound U.S. economy to assure the basis of free world strength. "He knows," said a friend last week, "that if you are successful everywhere else and your financial structure is gone, you're kaput."

Son of a top Manhattan investment banker (Dillon, Read & Co.), Dillon was born in Geneva while his parents were on a Grand Tour, went to Groton and Harvard (*magna cum laude*, '31). After graduation he bought a seat on the New York Stock Exchange for \$185,000 and joined the family firm. He went into the Navy as an ensign in 1942, served with the Seventh Fleet, was discharged as a lieutenant commander. Married in 1931, he has two daughters, maintains homes in Washington, New York, New Jersey, Maine and France.

A solid Republican, Dillon wrote foreign-policy speeches for Dewey in 1948, was an early bird for Ike in 1951. After the 1952 campaign, he was rewarded with the ambassadorship to Paris. No post could have made Dillon happier. His family owned one of the finest vineyards in the Bordeaux region, Château Haut-Brion, and his cousin, a resident of France who served his adopted country with distinction during the Occupation, was possibly the only native of the U.S. ever elected mayor of a French village. Though Dillon spoke fluent French, he took an hour's instruction daily so that he would not have to use an interpreter.

Nevertheless, the Quai d'Orsay was skeptical of a 43-year-old investment banker who was innocent of diplomatic experience. France was in a state of upheaval: Indo-China was falling, Algeria was on fire, and Suez was threatening. Dillon handled himself with unspectacular competence, won French government gratitude at a parlous moment by proclaiming U.S. support of France's "liberal" aims in Algeria.

Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, aware of his own insufficiency in economic matters, recalled Dillon in 1957 to be Deputy Under Secretary in charge of economic planning, gave him control over foreign aid and the tariff and trade programs. In 1958 Dillon's testimony helped persuade a skeptical Congress to pass the longest (four years) extension of the reciprocal trade program in history. He has taken an extremely tough line on the necessity of eliminating discrimination



WALTER BENNETT
GOLDBERG



EARL DEBENEDICTIS
FREEMAN



OSWALD GULL
KENNEDY



ASSOCIATED PRESS
DAY

against U.S. exports. His Tokyo speech in October 1959 was the first public U.S. threat of drastic steps to come if the thriving free-world nations did not "move ahead to get rid of outmoded trade restrictions."

Yet when Dillon and Treasury Secretary Robert Anderson flew to Bonn four weeks ago to demand that West Germany pay a bigger part of the Western defense bill, Dillon made it plain that he was out of sympathy with Anderson's gruff demands—a fact that may return to plague him as he takes Anderson's job.

SECRETARY OF LABOR

Arthur Goldberg, 52. Goldberg is skilled at the Cuban dice game of *carabino*, a collector, in a modest way, of the works of Picasso, Matisse and Shahn, a gluttonous reader of books of all kinds, and a loyal fan of the Washington Redskins. He is also the leading labor lawyer in the U.S., a man who has had a major voice in every significant labor-management decision of the past decade, but who has never been a legitimate member of a labor union. As Secretary of Labor, he may have to make some difficult decisions, such as enforcing Taft-Hartley injunctions in strikes and using his police powers under the Landrum-Griffin law. But Arthur Goldberg has a profound belief in the law—and he plans to enforce it.

The last of eight children of a Russian immigrant family, Goldberg grew up on Chicago's West Side, went to work as a delivery boy in a shoe factory (for \$3.80 a week) at the age of twelve, and won his law degree at Northwestern University at 20. He argued his own case so beguilingly before the state Supreme Court that the rules were suspended and he was permitted to take his bar examinations before his 21st birthday.

At first, Goldberg was a young corporation lawyer, but after representing the Newspaper Guild in a strike against Hearst in 1938, he became a labor specialist. (During the war he served with distinction as the OSS contact with Europe's underground labor movement.) In 1948 Goldberg committed himself to the labor movement when the late Phil Murray made him general counsel of the Steelworkers' union. At the wedding of the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. in 1955, he was one of the main marriage brokers. Since then, he has become special counsel (and ex officio policy adviser) to the A.F.L.-C.I.O., and on occasion has worn the legal wig

of a dozen big member unions as well.

His many legal chores for the labor movement have paid him handsomely: Goldberg makes more than \$100,000 a year, keeps an interest in his Chicago law firm, owns part of a Caribbean hotel chain. Before he takes the oath of office, though, he plans to drop all of his labor affiliations, just as business executives sell their stocks on entering the Cabinet. In addition, he promises never to return to the labor field after his Government service.

Goldberg might very well bring Government into labor disputes more quickly than did his predecessor and close friend, Secretary James Mitchell. But Goldberg claims to have no illusions about the divine rights of the workman. "What is obviously called for," he told the National Association of Manufacturers last fortnight, "is a greater recognition between management and labor in America of mutuality of interests." In practice, however, Goldberg's interests have been plainly on the side of strengthening big labor.

A smallish, owlish man, Goldberg is as alert as a chipmunk, packs an astonishing amount of stamina and energy (in the thick of marathon negotiations, he switches from Sanka to coffee). Although his manner is amiable, he is as tough as whip leather at the bargaining table.

Jack and Bobby Kennedy, from their vantage point on the McClellan labor-management investigating committee, got to know Goldberg for his personally led fights to expel the Teamsters and other unsavory unions from the A.F.L.-C.I.O. During the campaign he was a natural choice as a top labor adviser on the Kennedy team, and last week, when George Meany presented a list of five names of top A.F.L.-C.I.O. men as possibilities, the President-elect rejected them all to pick Arthur Goldberg as his personal choice.

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE

Orville Lothrop Freeman, 42. Orville Freeman's Swedish grandfather homesteaded a farm in Minnesota in the 1850s, but Orville was a city boy, son of a Minneapolis storekeeper. He graduated *magna cum laude* from the University of Minnesota just in time to enlist in the Marines at the start of World War II. During the Bougainville campaign, a Japanese bullet ripped through his left cheek, left him unable to speak. As the wound healed—the scar is still visible—Freeman learned

to talk again and in the process developed into an uncommonly forceful orator.

After the war, Freeman won his law degree and went to work as an assistant to a rising young political amateur named Hubert Humphrey. As buoyant, garrulous Hubert Humphrey bounced up the political ladder from mayor of Minneapolis to U.S. Senator, dogged, serious, quiet Orville Freeman climbed with him: Freeman became Governor in 1955 and straw-bossed the Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party, which turned out the Republicans who had controlled Minnesota for 17 years.

A fine administrator, Freeman took good care of the state's lagging education and welfare programs; in five years he spent \$27 million on college buildings, added 150 beds to state mental hospitals, increased state aid to local school districts by \$50 per pupil. But Fair Dealer Freeman also pushed property taxes to an all-time state high, ran into trouble last year with the normally cooperative legislature when he tried to install pay-as-you-go income taxes. G.O.P. opponents made much of the tax fight and chided Freeman's poor judgment in sending state militia to close a strikebound Wilson & Co. Inc. meat-packing plant, an action reversed in federal court. Upshot: Freeman lost by 23,000 votes to Republican Newcomer Elmer Andersen, while Friend Hubert Humphrey was winning a third Senate term and Jack Kennedy was carrying the state.

Freeman styles himself as a friend of the farmer, and he is also a friend of the subsidy-loving National Farmers Union. He believes that family farms must be preserved (presumably by subsidies), and farm surpluses must be reduced by overseas sales programs and giveaways, by free school-lunch programs and gifts to depressed areas. He talks in terms of "managed abundance," and if Kennedy pushes through Congress the control-heavy farm program he campaigned with, Freeman will be in command of the greatest federal managing operation short of the Commander in Chief himself.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Robert Francis Kennedy, 35. The most controversial of the new appointments, Bobby Kennedy's, cannot really be called nepotism, his brother insists, because Bobby has earned it in his own right. Father Joe Kennedy agrees. Bobby Kennedy hesitated a long while, knowing that others would not agree.

Bobby Kennedy has never practiced law privately but, for his age, he has had valuable experience in the Federal Government's legal labyrinth. Soon after he graduated from the University of Virginia law school (1951), he joined the Justice Department's criminal division as a junior investigator, plunged into the ultimately unsuccessful prosecution of Foreign Policy Adviser Owen Lattimore for Communist activities. In 1952 Bobby moved over to be assistant counsel of

DISASTERS

Death in the Air

An air-traffic controller hunched over his radar scope one morning last week as he nursed Trans World Airlines' Super Constellation Flight 266 (from Dayton and Columbus) through rain, sleet and snow toward New York's La Guardia Airport. At 10:35 an unexpected blip slid across his scope, and he picked up his microphone to call Flight 266 with unaccustomed urgency:

"Unidentified target approaching you at 4 miles, 3 o'clock!"

Replied TWA Pilot David Wollan: "Roger. Acknowledged."

An instant later, the tower operator called again:

"Unidentified object approaching 2 miles, 2 o'clock!"

Again the TWA pilot, unable himself to see or be seen in the bad weather, acknowledged the call.

In those few seconds, La Guardia tower raised the nearby Idlewild airport tower by radio, asked if Idlewild had any aircraft in the vicinity of the TWA's flight path. Replied Idlewild: No.

As the La Guardia operator watched his screen helplessly, the two blips continued for a second or so on collision course. Then there was one pinpoint where there had been two: the TWA signal had vanished

Joe McCarthy's Senate Investigations Subcommittee, but quit after a much-publicized row with Chief Counsel Roy Cohn. Later Bobby rejoined the committee as minority counsel for the Democratic members, wound up as chief counsel after the Democrats won the Senate in 1954.

For years Bobby was lost in the shadow cast by his big brother, but in 1958 he emerged as a public figure in his own right, as counsel for the Senate labor-management rackets committee. As he unfolded the sordid exposé of corruption and crime in the Teamsters and other big unions, Bobby momentarily overshadowed Jack, and his curled-lip intensity and Yankee twang became a television staple. It was a skillful, relentless and aggressive investigation, conducted at the man-killing pace that has become Bob Kennedy's trademark. When Jack decided to run for the presidency, Bobby cheerfully reverted to a supporting role to become campaign manager. The dogged, hair-raising—and winning—battle he directed for 15 months awed and often angered many an older, grayer politician.

The seventh of Joe and Rose Kennedy's nine children, Bobby had to struggle to make his presence felt in the midst of that boisterous tribe (he is himself the head of a family of seven lively, towheaded youngsters). A moody man, Bobby has made many enemies in the course of his public life, though his own subordinates swear by him. The major question about him is whether he has the gentler, mature qualities of patience, second thought and understanding.

Before he took the job, Bobby Kennedy talked at length with outgoing Attorney General William Rogers and an old friend, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas. His first act as a prospective Cabinet member was to announce his brother's appointment of Denver Lawyer Byron ("Whizzer") White, 43, University of Colorado All-America, Rhodes scholar and veteran Kennedy campaign worker, as Assistant Attorney General.

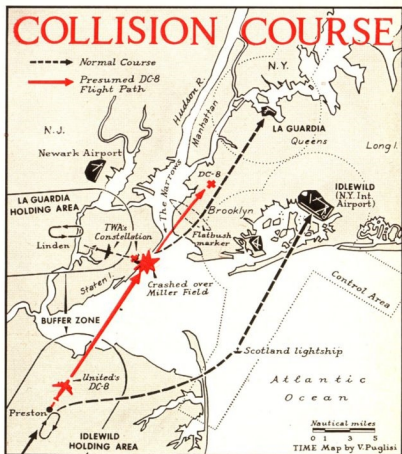
Bobby Kennedy has stamina, talent, guts and opportunity. He will need them all. Segregation, civil rights, corruption, racketeering, trustbusting are all passionate subjects, and he can expect to be the target of constant criticism, whatever he does.

POSTMASTER GENERAL

J. (for James) Edward Day, 46. The least known of Kennedy's Cabinet choices. Ed Day, 46, is a light-haired, witty insurance lawyer and a side ring operator in the three-ring circus that is California Democratic politics. Born in Jacksonville, Ill., Ed Day was brilliant enough as a law student to become editor of the *Harvard Law Review* (1936-37). After graduation, he went to work in one of Chicago's biggest, best law firms (Sidley, Austin, Burgess & Harper), married Mary Louise Burgess, the boss's daughter. At work he became fast friends with a part-

ner in the firm named Adlai Stevenson. After wartime service on Navy subchasers, Day went briefly back to his Chicago practice, quit in 1949 to help out Old Friend Stevenson, newly elected as Governor of Illinois, as an administrative assistant in Adlai's "kitchen cabinet." Day entertained the backroom boys with homemade limericks on Springfield politics, eventually became state insurance commissioner. The job was a steppingstone to a second career: after Stevenson's presidential defeat in 1952, Day joined the Prudential Insurance Co., rose to one of the top spots (behind President Carol Shanks), as chief of the firm's western division office in Los Angeles.

When he first went to California, Day declared that he was through with politics, but soon changed his mind. He became a backer of Governor-to-be Edmund ("Pat") Brown, earned an appointment to the finance committee of the Democratic State Central Committee, helped form Democratic Associates, a committee of conservative Democrats who sponsor business-minded candidates for office. Day is articulate and abrupt, an effortlessly efficient manager. No mossback, Day manages to preserve the respect (if not the adoration) of both right and left in California's mixed-up politics.



from the radar screen, and the second blip crept on its northeasterly course for eight miles. Then it, too, disappeared.

Panic & Fire. On a street of old brownstone houses in Brooklyn a man looked up and saw "a large bolt of lightning." In a house on Staten Island, across the Narrows from Brooklyn, a housewife heard a noise that sounded like a "thousand dishes crashing from the sky." As she watched, the TWA Connie, carrying 44 passengers and crewmen, crashed to earth near by. Seconds later, a broken and torn DC-8 jet, which had been United Air Lines' proud Flight 826, bound for Idlewild from Chicago with 84 people, fell out of the sky into Brooklyn.

Part of the jet cut through the roof of one house. Engines, fuselage, cargo, bodies cascaded with thundering crunches onto the street; rivulets of jet fuel splattered and splashed crazily and ignited into billows of flame, which in turn touched off the gasoline tanks of parked cars. Panicky tenants fled from a row of burning brownstone rooming houses. The empty Pillar of Fire Church (evangelical) turned into an inferno. Two men selling Christmas trees on a corner, a snow shoveler near by, and eight other Brooklynites were killed instantly.

A Fairy Book. From the torn DC-8 fuselage came piercing cries. A teenage boy ran down the street, screaming: "Oh, those people are burning to death!" A passing priest rushed into his church for holy oil and ran out again to administer rites to the charred bodies. Seven alarms jammed the area with fire equipment. Ambulances lined up at makeshift morgues—a bowling alley and a vacant store—to transfer bodies to hospitals.

Miraculously, out of the flaming carnage a boy was hurled to a soft landing in a snow bank. He was eleven-year-old Stephen Baltz of Wilmette, Ill., traveling alone to meet his mother and sister in New York. Two cops rushed to him, wrapped their coats about his flaming body, rolled him in the snow. In a car bound for the hospital, the child asked again and again if he would die, and a neighborhood woman assured him that he would be all right because, she said, she had a son of his age. At the hospital, the boy asked if his watch was still running (it had stopped precisely at 37 minutes past the hour). "I remember," he said, "looking out of the plane window at the snow below covering the city. It looked like a picture out of a fairy book. It was a beautiful sight. Then all of a sudden there was an explosion. The plane started to fall and people started to scream. I held on to my seat and then the plane crashed."

"Over & Over." As the hundreds upon hundreds of rescue workers fought their way courageously through the smoking disaster, others were converging on Staten Island's tiny Miller Field, an Army helicopter and small-plane airport. The TWA Constellation had fallen on the edge of the field, a slim 150 ft. beyond a residential section and two schools. "It went down in a terrible way," said one woman, "one wing gone—and it turned over and



TAIL SECTION OF UNITED DC-8 IN BROOKLYN
Two blips, then one, then none.

over very slowly." Seat-belted bodies were flung everywhere. An Army squad arrived in trucks, played extinguishers on burning bodies, crawled into the wreckage, and with knives cut seat belts and pulled out a few passengers. Within moments, the snow-covered field was soaked with crimson, and soon, as in Brooklyn, the tortuous, dirgelike procession of stretcher-borne victims began.

Investigators from the Federal Aviation Agency, Civil Aeronautics Board and FBI arrived like an army at the crash sites. From Dayton, Ohio, where he had just delivered a speech honoring the Wright brothers, FAA Administrator Elwood Quesada sped to New York to direct the investigation. The answers to all the dark question marks would come only with careful sifting of evidence, but educated guesswork by trained observers already pointed the way.

Both planes had entered the New York area under clearance from Air Route Traffic Control Center at Idlewild. In the heavy weather, both had been ordered to follow strict holding patterns while awaiting clearance to land: the TWA Connie at 6,000 ft. over Linden, N.J., south of Newark Airport; the DC-8 at 5,000 ft. in a stacking area over Preston check point, more than five miles south of Linden. As traffic moved, ARTC controllers directed the TWA plane to drop to 5,000 ft. and then, proceeding under control of La Guardia, to swing north-eastward into the prescribed Instrument Landing System beam (ILS) to La Guardia's Runway 4 (see map). To the radar watchers the Connie appeared to be following the routine instructions.

The U.A.L. DC-8, directed to circle at Preston, would, when cleared, have normally flown eastward toward Idlewild's ILS glide path. U.A.L. Pilot R. H. Sawyer acknowledged and confirmed his instruc-

tions from Air Traffic Control to circle Preston, and his acknowledgment was the last contact Idlewild ever got. Since the planes collided in a spot on the Connie's path—a good ten miles or so north of the jet's allotted position—it seemed likely that the jet had somehow flown beyond its orbiting area into the La Guardia approach. Why Pilot Sawyer did so—whether as a result of instrument failure or human error (one radio was out of commission, but he had a usable spare)—may never be known.

"Everything—Everything." The mid-air collision cost the lives of 139 men, women and children—the highest toll in commercial aviation history.

The last to die was the frail, fire-tortured Stephen Baltz. After more than 24 hours of half-life, of fighting to smile for his father, the boy closed his eyes and, said a doctor, "went to sleep." His father William, an Admiral Corp. vice president who had flown in from Chicago, told newsmen: "Stevie tried awfully hard because my son was such a wonderful boy—not because he was my son but because he was Stevie." Softly, he added: "We thought he would have been a tremendous and outstanding man, but we were not privileged to see him grow into manhood. Stevie was a real fellow."

Said the hospital chaplain: "This is a devil of a thing. When you do everything—everything—and you lose out. God!"

In West Germany, a day after the New York disaster, a U.S. Air Force Convair, carrying 13 holiday-bound University of Maryland students and a crew of seven, crashed in downtown Munich shortly after take-off, heeled sharply into a two-section trolley car jammed with Christmas shoppers, and exploded into a fiery pyre. All aboard the plane and at least 60 Germans were killed.

FOREIGN NEWS

ALGERIA

Forced Pace

Startling as a shout, the silent casbah sprang to life last week, and its outburst basically altered the nature and changed the pace of the long-drawn-out agony known by the bleak title of "the Algerian problem."

In the aftermath of De Gaulle's turbulent five-day visit, two things were becoming clearer. As a hope and a plan, *Algérie Française* was dead. The European extremists, whose mob violence overthrew the Fourth Republic, had proved paper tigers. And in the face of the mass Moslem hostility displayed last week, not even the most misguided *colon* could continue the fiction that the silent Moslems (who are nine-tenths of the population) secretly longed to become Frenchmen and make Algeria an integral part of France.

Second fact was that De Gaulle's proposal of an "Algerian Algeria" linked to France had neither appealed nor diverted the Moslems in their drive for independence. By liberalizing voting laws and by massive social reform, De Gaulle had hoped to win over the vast noncombatant Moslem majority, separate them from the F.L.N. rebels, eventually produce a new moderate leadership that would negotiate a new relationship with France as between friends. That hope dwindled when the F.L.N. flags bloomed on every minaret, when the shouts of the demonstrators in Algiers and Oran, in Bône and Constantine, changed from "*Vive De Gaulle*" to "*Vive Ferhat Abbas*," from "*Vive Algérie Algérienne*" to "*Vive Algérie Musulmane*" (Moslem Algeria).

De Gaulle's offer of an Algerian repub-



MOSLEM DEMONSTRATORS IN ALGIERS
A dam burst.

Keystone

lic now seems the only course left, short of granting immediate independence. Plainly, a French-sponsored republic would be only a transitional regime; with Moslem sentiment as it was demonstrated to be last week, it would be only a matter of months before the F.L.N. was voted into power. And, giving no comfort to De Gaulle, even those Moslem leaders who had won offices in De Gaulle's new elections privately describe themselves as key men of the "transition."

The way events are heading, De Gaulle's problem is whether he can give the Moslem Algerians their freedom fast enough before the F.L.N. wrests it away. If he can, the two communities can part in friendship. If not, De Gaulle has lost his gamble, and Algerians, European and Moslem alike, may face the threat of vengeful and bloody reprisals when the F.L.N. takes power.

Voice Out of Silence

For two days, Algiers' Moslems watched silently as European mobs shouted for "*Algérie Française*" and tangled with security forces. Then, in their frustrated rage, the Europeans went too far. Squads of toughs plunged into the Moslem quarters. They beat up passers-by and forced shopkeepers to join the general strike ordered by the extremist *Front de l'Algérie Française*.

Flogged Spires. Suddenly, the Moslems' long restraint snapped. Screaming like men who have been too long silent, Moslem mobs flooded the narrow lanes of the casbah. From under thin mattresses and floor boards came hundreds of forbidden flags of the F.L.N. rebels—green-and-white banners bearing a red crescent and star. In bright green paint, slogans were splashed on any and every conven-



SLAIN ALGIERS POLICEMAN
A throat slit.

Associated Press

ient wall: "The F.L.N. Forever," "Long Live Ferhat Abbas," "Long Live Moslem Algeria."

It was as if a dam had burst. In the slum suburbs of Belcourt and Clos Salembier, from the tar-paper shacks of Maison Carrée, Moslems erupted in wild demonstrations. Rebel flags blossomed on dozens of minarets. Cars belonging to Europeans were smashed and burned, shops and cafés turned into a shambles. A luckless policeman was caught by the crowd and his throat cut. Nine other Europeans were beaten to death, burned alive or fatally stabbed with sharpened screwdrivers.

The government had massed 30,000 police and soldiers in Algiers to handle rioting by European mobs; they could not handle the outpouring of Moslems. On Sunday afternoon, a paratroop regiment arrived from the back country, where it had been battling the rebel F.L.N. Rushed to the Moslem quarter of Belcourt, the paratroops took one look at the flag-waving Moslems and then advanced, firing submachine guns from the hip. Explained the paratroop colonel: "My men have been fighting the rebels in the Aurès Mountains. They are amazed to come up against the very same rebel flag in the heart of Algiers." As the guns spoke and Moslems died, frantic European women on nearby balconies screamed encouragement to the paratroops: "Kill them! Kill them!"

Defiant Orphans. In Algiers and Oran and Bône, 127 Moslems died and hundreds more were wounded. European gangs joined in the hunt and dropped stray Moslems with pistols and iron bars. But still the green-and-white flags waved, and the Moslem crowds, scattered by police charges, re-formed as soon as the police withdrew. From rooftops and windows, Moslem women cheered on their men with high-pitched cries of "Yu! Yu! Yu!" One woman shouted at a group of paratroops: "Cowards! You were thrown out of Indo-China, you were thrown out of Tunisia, you were thrown out of Morocco. You will be thrown out of Algeria. Here, all you can do is make war on women and children!"

The Europeans were stunned. Ever since 1957, when paratroops brutally suppressed the F.L.N. terrorists in the cities, Moslem city dwellers have practiced *attentisme*, a zombie-like acceptance of every indignity just to stay alive. The advocates of a French Algeria argued that the casbah really wanted association with France but was intimidated into silence for fear of the F.L.N. *Attentisme* (wait-and-see-ism) virtually disappeared last week in the explosive espousal of the F.L.N. The extremist *Front de l'Algérie Française* had claimed the support of 500,000 Moslems—if they ever existed, they have now vanished into thin air. The wife of extremist General Jacques Massu operated a social center in the casbah for Moslem orphans, and worked industriously to win them to the cause of *Algérie Française*. During the furious demonstrations in the casbah, Mme. Massu's or-

phans were in the forefront of the flag-waving crowds.

Make or Break. President Charles de Gaulle, touring the Algerian countryside, went pale with fury at the news of the riots. To an aide he snapped: "All those who are responsible—I will break them!" Cutting short his tour by a day, De Gaulle went to Bône to emplane for Paris. Gunfire accompanied his take-off as European and Moslem crowds angrily shouted their rival slogans. Foreign Legion paratroops, long the darlings of the European extremists, tried to separate the demonstrators. The European rioters refused to disperse. For the first time in Algerian history, French troops opened fire on a

the strike call of the extremist *Front de l'Algérie Française*, were sacked from their jobs and the *Front* itself ordered dissolved. The same fate was visited upon the *Front's* right-wing affiliate in France. The Europeans reacted with a numbed and disconsolate silence. Groaned a European extremist: "What will we do? What can we do? We've tried, and France doesn't understand us."

The army can still impose its will in the cities of Algeria, and Charles de Gaulle is serenely confident that he has the army's loyalty. His belief may be exaggerated, but if the army continues neutral, it is enough. Further, a substantial part of the security police—many



FRENCH PARATROOPER & MOSLEM
A world divided.

Dominique Beretty

European crowd, killing three and wounding 15. As if to show their impartiality, the Legionnaires poured bullets into the Moslems as well, killing nine.

What Can We Do? De Gaulle landed in Paris in freezing weather. Without an overcoat, and looking tired and drawn, he spoke to a welcoming party headed by obedient Premier Michel Debré. His words were curt but comprehensive: "We have but one policy, and it must be followed. It is the right one."

Despite the tension in Algeria, the nationwide referendum date De Gaulle has set for January 8 remains unchanged: Frenchmen would be called upon to vote *oui* or *non* to his policies. De Gaulle brusquely showed he would not tolerate extremist European defiance in Algiers, incidentally making clear that he blamed the Europeans, not the Moslems, for instigating the riots. Forty civil servants in Algeria, who had quit work in answer to

of whom were brought over from France—are shocked by the tactics of the Europeans. Said one gendarme disgustedly: "We're dealing with slobs."

Desperately, a band of right-wing Deputies rallied behind Jacques Soustelle, the most prominent extremist leader not yet in jail or exile. Their new "*Regroupement pour l'Unité de la République*" may not change many votes, but it will enable Soustelle to participate legally in the pre-referendum campaign and entitle him to have his full say on government radio and television.

Sinister Masquerade. The six-year-old Algerian war caused the ruin of the Fourth Republic and has almost wrecked the Fifth. It has estranged France from its former colonies (two of them voted against France last week in the U.N. debate on Algeria; eleven others, including usually docile Malagasy and Cameroun, refused to vote for France and abstained)

and embarrassed France's Western allies. Worst of all, the struggle has brutalized both sides and opened the door to Soviet and Red Chinese penetration of a new continent.

Last week's tumult in Algeria made it clear that De Gaulle must act with all the forcefulness at his command. He could expect no help from the F.L.N., which clearly saw victory in sight. From the safety of Tunis, Ferhat Abbas, "Premier" of the F.L.N. government in exile, denounced the Jan. 8 referendum as a French attempt to "impose a statute upon us," and warned Moslems: "It is another battle for which you must prepare. You will be called upon to check this sinister masquerade." Abbas obviously did not

BELGIUM

The Wedding of a King

It was the biggest royal wedding Europe had seen since Britain's Elizabeth married the nephew of Constantine, onetime King of Greece. On hand in white tie and diamonds were five kings, four queens and 46 princes and princesses. "Like the old fairy tales," gushed a U.S. newsmen. There were monarchs from the egalitarian kingdoms of Norway and The Netherlands, and out-of-season princelings and grand dukes from the royal boneyards of Lisbon and Estoril. From Britain came Princess Margaret and her commoner husband, Antony Armstrong-Jones; Tony wore elevator shoes to make himself taller than she

watched the pageant on a Europe-wide TV hookup. Fabiola was nervous. When the 20-foot train of her mink-trimmed wedding gown (designed by Balenciaga and executed in his own Madrid apartment with all the secrecy of a new-car prototype in Detroit) caught on a chair, she came close to tears. Proud and protective in his lieutenant general's uniform, Baudouin leaned over to whisper a soothing word, and soon the royal couple were joking with the burgomaster of Brussels about the 20 papers the bride and groom were called upon to sign.

For the Catholic ceremony, King and Queen rode in a bubbletop Cadillac through the cheering streets to the 13th century Gothic church of St. Gudule. The church was hung with scarlet draperies, ancient tapestries and 150,000 Spanish violets. In the ranks of honor, with the royalty and the beribboned ambassadors of 67 nations, sat six Congolese army officers.* As they entered the church, Fabiola once again almost tripped over her train, but this time Baudouin straightened it out himself and led his bride down the great center aisle to the altar. After the ceremony, cannon boomed, bells pealed, and a thousand doves spiraled upward into the dark, wintry skies.

Family Reunion. Before flying to Spain for an Andalusian wedding trip, Baudouin addressed a short TV speech to his people. "This marriage," he said, "is not only a bond between us but between the royal family and all of you." By taking his Spanish queen, Baudouin appears to have accepted the position as head of state that he has often indicated was rightfully his father's. Many Belgians have never forgiven Leopold for surrendering to the Germans rather than going into exile during World War II; as a result Leopold felt compelled nine years ago to abdicate in his son's favor. Neither father, son, nor subjects have felt entirely easy about their relationships ever since. Now Belgians hope that their court, instead of being the focus of dissension and dispute, may regain its position as the symbol of a united national family.



Associated Press

QUEEN FABIOLA & BAUDOUIN

Also five kings, 46 princes and princesses, six Congolese soldiers.

want De Gaulle getting credit for what the rebels claim to have won in blood and battle, seemed determined to close the door on any offers from De Gaulle. "Freedom cannot be granted, it must be seized," he cried.

De Gaulle did not underestimate his problem. While in Algeria, he had addressed 200 army officers, who stood at silent attention in an airplane hangar as he confessed the weight of his burden. From the fact of the six-year war, he said, "the population of this Algeria, which is in the great majority Moslem, has acquired an awareness it did not have. Nothing can stop this. It is also true that this insurrection . . . takes place in a new world, in a world which is not at all like that which I knew myself when I was young. There is," De Gaulle added sadly but resolutely, "a whole context of emancipation which is sweeping the world from one end to the other, which has swept over our black Africa, which has swept over all those who once had empires."

De Gaulle recognizes that the end of empire must come in Algeria, too.

is, and drew more cheers than any visiting member of the wedding party.

The Belgians seemed delighted with the dark-eyed Spanish girl King Baudouin picked for their queen. When the 30-year-old king met her a year ago—reportedly at a Swiss cocktail party to introduce him to the very eligible 24-year-old Infanta Doña Pilar of Spain—Doña Fabiola de Mora y Aragón, 32, was the unmarried one of the wealthy Marqués de Casa Riera's seven children, and busying herself with churchgoing, charitable works and fearfully chaperoned visits to the beaches and tennis courts near San Sebastian. Baudouin took her on a tour of Belgian cities last September. Her modest ways and faraway smile made a big hit with his Flemish and French-speaking subjects alike. On the wedding morning, pictures of the royal couple smiled from every shop window in the land.

Close to Tears. "Long Live the King, Long Live the Queen," roared the throngs as Baudouin and his bride went to the throne room of the Palace of Brussels for the civil-marriage ceremony prescribed by Belgian law. An estimated 150 million

ETHIOPIA

Ambitious Heir

Dispensing gold coins and handing out \$200 tips, Emperor Haile Selassie was enjoying himself in imperial fashion on a state visit to Brazil when a ham radio operator in Addis Ababa flashed the bad news. "Calling everybody, calling everybody! Ethiopia is in a critical state following a *coup d'état*." Glumly, the Emperor lunched in his São Paulo hotel room on lobster thermidor, stared out the window and pondered the unkindest cut of all. The revolt had apparently been led by his own son and heir, Crown Prince

* Day before the wedding, the Congo's unpredictable Colonel Mobutu abruptly announced: "If no government can take care of it, then the army, as an apolitical body, will," and dispatched the army delegation, which arrived only half an hour before the wedding of their former ruler.

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Chemicals**

Asfa Wassan, 44. By that night the Lion of Judah was back on his private DC-6B and bound for home.

The Discontents. The plot had been brewing for a year or more, and the plotters cut across Ethiopia's educated elite. In on the game, tacitly or actively, were Cabinet ministers, top bureaucrats, army colonels, students returning from studies abroad. They came from the class that Haile Selassie must count on to help bring Ethiopia into the modern world—but it is just this group that is most repelled by the trappings of a feudal monarchy. The plotters had no clear political coloration, though one of the ringleaders, former Ambassador to Washington Ras Imru, returned from the U.S. in 1953 bitter over what he considered to be racial snubs.

The plotters had a problem: in Coptic Christian Ethiopia, only an acknowledged descendant of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba would be accepted as a proper ruler by the 90% illiterate populace. After nervous speculation, the plotters approached Crown Prince Asfa Wassan himself, knowing that father and son have disliked each other for years. The Emperor had always favored a younger son Prince Makonnen (who was killed in an automobile accident three years ago), made it obvious that he considered Asfa Wassan none too bright, often subjected him to public humiliation. When Asfa Wassan wishes to speak to his father, he must first grovel with his face in the dirt like any other lowly subject. In August 1959 the Crown Prince agreed to join the conspiracy.



CROWN PRINCE ASFA WASSAN & HAILE SELASSIE
In the end, one face bit the dirt.

The plotters bided their time (and even put down one subplot to assassinate the Emperor last year). But Haile Selassie's trip to remote Brazil seemed ideal. One morning before dawn the Imperial Guard, led by rebel officers, seized strong points in Addis Ababa, including all communication centers. Asfa Wassan named Imru as Premier and went on the radio to explain that the purpose of the coup was to end

"3,000 years of injustice . . . The Ethiopian people have waited patiently to be freed of oppression, poverty and ignorance." The Crown Prince promised to set up a true constitutional monarchy, and to allow the creation of political parties—for which his father has no taste. In the Congo, Ethiopian Chargé d'Affaires Sabour Ahadou gleefully got out a statement hailing the coup as "the long-awaited rev-

THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING

LIKE all Ethiopian royalty, curly-bearded Emperor Haile Selassie traces his ancestry back to the match between King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. His Semite-Hamite blood lines show in his stern jaw and aquiline nose. But in practical fact, his hold on the Ethiopian throne has been due less to ancestry than to his ability to outplot Ethiopia's best plotters.

He plotted his own way to the throne. Back in 1916, he was only an ambitious young ras (marshal) named Tafari in the eastern province of Harar when he teamed up with a female cousin in a plot that toppled the playboy Emperor Lij Yasu. Ras Tafari pursued the fugitive Lij Yasu for five years, caught him, threw him in prison and kept him bound in golden chains for 14 years until he died in 1935. Though his cousin became the Empress Zauditu, Ras Tafari gradually emerged as the country's strongman. Upon the Empress' death in 1930, he mounted the throne (with typical flamboyance, he had five pet lions chained to the coronation dais). He took unto himself the name of Haile Selassie ("Power of the Trinity") and the titles Elect of God, King of Kings and Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah.

In Exile. Benito Mussolini made Haile Selassie a world figure, known from the League of Nations to Tin Pan Alley. As his barefoot troops fell back before the 1935-36 Italian invasion, the Emperor trekked to Geneva to ask help from the League of Nations. A tiny (he is only 5 ft. 4 in. tall) but imperious figure, Haile Selassie seemed gallant and curiously impressive even in defeat. When the League declined to save his country for him, he settled down in Britain, where he checked his crown in a bank vault. Four years later, as the British army mounted an offensive against the Italians, Haile

Selassie flew to Alexandria, changed to his commander in chief's uniform in the men's room at the airport, and soon went on to Addis Ababa with the conquering army.

The Emperor has found the postwar world more baffling. At first he sided with the West, sent crack troops to Korea. Then he caught the neutralist bug, and last year set off on a flurry of state visits—to "our great friend" Tito, to Nasser, to Russia and Czechoslovakia. He brought back a \$100 million Soviet loan.

Presenting Face. Though Haile Selassie describes his government as "state socialism," it is in fact still absolute monarchy. To secure even the smallest government post, the applicant must go through the ritual of *feet mahswaght*, which means "making one's face apparent." Each morning, the applicant lines up in front of the palace and waits for the Emperor to walk past, in hope of catching the royal eye. Eventually, if lucky, he gets an audience where, with his face pressed to the floor, he blurts out his qualifications and accepts whatever favor the Emperor is in the mood to dispense. The Emperor's powerful ally is the hierarchy of the Ethiopian Orthodox Church, which owns 40% of Ethiopia's land and resists any effort to alter this profitable situation.

Educated Ethiopians, including 400 who have studied abroad, are naturally resentful of *feet mahswaght* and other trappings of the past. But the Emperor, still spry at 68, has no intention of rushing into democracy too fast. His apologists point out that already under Haile Selassie's rule, such venerable Ethiopian customs as slavery, the cutting off of a thief's right hand and the Festival of Raw Meat (where dinner is carved from just-slaughtered cattle while the diners wait) have virtually disappeared.

olution that marks the end of centuries of feudal oppression, injustice, arbitrary personal rule, corruption, suppression of fundamental human rights and the imprisonment of thousands of people."

In the Dirt. But they had all reckoned without the tough streak in the little Lion of Judah—and without his still-widespread popularity. Haile Selassie flew straight for the airstrip in Asmara in Ethiopia's Red Sea state of Eritrea, which was still under command of a loyal general. As his plane grew nearer, the plotters' fortunes began to wane. They could not even secure control of all Addis Ababa, and shells whistled into the center of town from loyalist army posts. In frustration, the rebels shot a few government officials they had captured and then fled into the mountains. Haile Selassie landed at Asmara to wild cheers and the usual earth-scraping bows.

Crown Prince Asfa Wassan would doubtless dip his nose an inch or two lower in the dirt on his next meeting with father. Haile Selassie made it scornfully clear that he considered Asfa Wassan only a dupe of others, "acting under coercion." The seeds of unrest among the educated minority of Ethiopians were still there and would grow. But it would take a stronger man than Asfa Wassan to snatch power from the little Lion of Judah.

CONGO

The Noisy Cockpit

How many nations is the Congo? One, says President Joseph Kasavubu in Léopoldville. Two, says President Moïse Tshombe of separatist Katanga province. Three, insists Albert Kalonji, who says that his Kasai Mining State is just as separate as Tshombe's Katanga. Last week a new voice made it four. In Stanleyville, Communist Antoine Gizenga, Vice Premier in Patrice Lumumba's Cabinet, declared that Eastern province was an independent state and he was its president.

Back in Manhattan, the U.N. was split almost as many ways as it struggled to deal with the Congo mess. While the U.S. and many others held out for Kasavubu, Mobutu & Co., assorted Africans and Asians still demanded that jailed ex-Premier Patrice Lumumba be freed. Some, with no clear candidate in mind, insisted vaguely on increased powers for U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld. The Soviets, on the other hand, demanded that all his powers be taken away. In the General Assembly, Soviet Delegate Valerian Zorin took the opportunity to ask whether "it is not time to remove the Secretary-General from command of the U.N. force and give the command to those people who will enjoy the confidence of the Congolese people."

Matter of Starvation. But Hammarskjöld's gravest problem came from the six nations—the United Arab Republic, Ceylon, Morocco, Indonesia, Guinea and Yugoslavia—that suddenly announced their intention to pull their military units out of the U.N. Congo force altogether because they did not like the way things

were being run. This clearly threatened to rip apart Dag Hammarskjöld's whole project. For the six accounted for almost 5,700 of the 20,000 U.N. troops available to keep the Congo peace.

Replying to his critics in the Security Council, Hammarskjöld warned that if the U.N. should leave the Congo, "I am convinced that the consequence would be immediate civil war, degenerating into tribal conflicts fought in the most uninhibited manner. Such a situation could last for years." Singling out one stark example, Hammarskjöld said, "Today we



Congo's GIZENGA
Trio into quartet.

are facing a situation where between 250,000 and 300,000 people are actually starving in south Kasai, with an estimated 200 people dying daily from sheer starvation."

Beyond Headlines. Better than any man, Dag Hammarskjöld knew that while the headlines went to the strident bickering over what the U.N. should do about the Lumumbas and the Kasavubus, the U.N.'s real mission in the Congo was to keep the country going. There was no limelight for the U.N.'s Canadian Red Cross doctors who quietly, desperately, kept the bush leper hospital open, for the U.N.'s food relief expert, who launched a huge distribution scheme, for the U.N.'s Haitian specialist who filtered the water and sprayed DDT on the malarial swamps around Lubumbashi, or for the two dozen U.N. technicians from several nations who handled air-traffic control at all the Congo's major airports. If the troops who protect them were withdrawn, many of these technicians would leave and the projects collapse.

Most probably, the nations making such resounding threats to go home were merely bluffing. Despite what the home governments were announcing so indignantly, none of the national contingents in the Congo so far had received instructions to start packing.

NATO

German Contribution

Reflecting the growing importance of West Germany in the NATO alliance, General Adolf Heusinger, 63, top officer in the German armed forces, was named chairman of the NATO permanent Military Committee in Washington. The Germans also agreed last week to boost their contribution to the cost of NATO facilities (pipelines, depots, etc.) from 13% to 19%, enabling the U.S. to cut its share from 37% to 31%—an estimated annual saving to the U.S. of \$15 million.

RED CHINA

Time of The Three Loves

On the grounds of the old Imperial Palace in Peking, rows of plebeian cabbages crowded up to the foundations. In the city not a taxicab could be found because the drivers were out collecting manure. Canton schoolchildren scurried out of class to plant vegetable gardens in vacant lots. To a foreign newsman, Premier Chou En-lai moaned that China this year had been visited by the worst combination of natural disasters in the century. No fewer than 133 million acres (one-half of the arable land) had been blistered by drought, tattered by storms or chomped bare by grasshoppers.

For the third year in a row, Red China's agricultural output had fallen disastrously behind target. And with 15 million more mouths to feed, Red China would be hard put to hold off hunger this winter.

Changed Dream. More than the people's diet is involved. The hard realities of nature had forced Peking's planners to recognize that despite all their emphasis on new steel plants, and the heady dream of transforming China overnight into a powerful industrial nation, China was still what it had always been—a country whose very livelihood depended on agriculture. Agricultural exports are still the major source of the foreign exchange that the Communists desperately need to buy machinery and tools. That recognition had brought about, almost unnoticed, a basic shift in Peking's official line.

Until recently, party papers sang the glories of worker comrades who spent their lunch hours in the factory tool shed inventing new equipment. Last week the new Communist hero was the tiller of the soil. Exhorted Peking's *People's Daily*: "The foremost frontier of socialist construction lies in the villages. If we relax the rapid development of agriculture and isolated stress the privileged development of heavy industry, the whole national economy will be hindered." More than 6,000,000 high school and college students have been routed out of class and sent into the country. More than 40,000 "leadership cadres"—toughened, indoctrinated young Communists—have been put into overseas' jobs.

Four Togethernesses. Last year the slogans were designed to speed up industrial production. There were the "Four Highs"

(high speed, high production, high technique, high quality) and the "Five Too Manys" (too many meetings, too many cadres, too many organizations, too many reports and too many forms to fill out). Now the emphasis is in the "Three Loves" (love country, love commune, love labor), "Four Togethernesses" (cadres and commune workers eat together, live together, work together, consult together) and "Five Samenesses" (cadres eat the same fare as peasants, do same work, get same pay, receive same criticism and their dependents are treated the same way).

Apparently, Red China is even preparing to make major changes in the three-year-old commune system, until recently depicted as a brilliant Peking shortcut to pure Communism. In the authoritative *Red Flag*, Finance Vice-Minister Chin Ming proposed scrapping the formula "to each according to his needs" and instead enforcing the "underlying principle of more income for more work." In espousing "individual" incentives, Chin Ming said, he was not taking a backward step toward capitalism but only demonstrating "creative socialist distribution."

GREAT BRITAIN

Change of Heart

The British government has decided to change its stand on Red China, which Britain recognized in 1950 (only to have Peking treat its chargé d'affaires like an inconsequential emissary from a banana republic). Out of deference to U.S. feelings, Britain has voted year after year to bar Red China from U.N. membership. "As a practical matter," said Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs Joseph Godber last week, "we think [Red China] should be in" the U.N., and "we hope to discuss this question" with the new U.S. Administration "at an early stage."

NEPAL

Enough of That

Sandwiched between India and Tibet and ringed about by the towering Himalayas, Nepal long was as remote as a country could get. Underneath its hibiscus and gardenia blossoms, its whitewashed stupas and tinkling bells, its 8,500,000 people were among the most backward in Southeast Asia, beset by malaria, illiteracy and preyed upon by landlords and moneylenders. In 1951 a revolution backed by India toppled the ruling Rana family, who for a hundred years had kept successive Kings virtual prisoners, and King Tribhuvan was restored to power. When the ailing Tribhuvan died in 1955, rule passed to his young (34) son, King Mahendra Bir Bikram Shah Deva.

Though his education was exclusively at the hands of palace tutors, King Mahendra had acquired modern ideas and set about introducing them to Nepal. He directed the drafting of a new constitution himself and, with the aid of \$30 million in U.S. aid, built schools, roads and a radiotelephone network. In 1959, with Mahendra's consent and blessing,

Nepal conducted its first election. The Nepali Congress Party, led by India-trained, vaguely socialist B. P. Koirala, won 74 out of 109 seats.

A rigorous anti-Communist with progressive policies, Koirala began pushing through land and tax reforms, soon had gathered the reins of government to himself. King Mahendra, who as monarch is regarded by Nepal's pious Hindus as a reincarnation of the god Vishnu, was left little beyond his religious duties.

Apparently King Mahendra decided Koirala had gone too far. Returning from



James Burke—Life
NEPAL'S KING MAHENDRA
Duo into solo.

a world tour, the King discovered that the Prime Minister had pushed through legislation subjecting landlords for the first time to property tax and expropriating large estates, last week invoked an escape clause he himself had providently written into the constitution, summarily dissolved Parliament. Prime Minister Koirala, in the act of addressing a youth rally, was hauled off and locked up in the army officers' club. So were all the other Cabinet members whom the army could find. As loyal Gurkha troops patrolled the narrow streets of Mahendra's capital Katmandu, Mahendra explained that he was assuming full regal powers because the elected government was "failing to maintain law and order, harboring undesirable activity and killing the people's democratic aspirations."

RUSSIA

The Word from Jane's

Navymen around the world await the annual edition of *Jane's Fighting Ships* as eagerly as European aristocrats used to await the *Almanach de Gotha*. Since 1807, *Jane's*, published in London close to the British Admiralty, has been the unofficial but authoritative best word on the relative strength and precedence of all the navies of the world.

Published last week, the 1960-61 *Jane's* reported that the Russian navy now has four times the submarine strength that Hitler had at peak strength in World War II. By *Jane's* estimate, the Russians have six nuclear-powered subs, ten guided-missile types, more than 425 other submarines ranging from large ocean-going types down to sea-going patrol subs, medium-range subs and former German U-boats. In a foreword Editor Raymond Blackman observed that in "some quarters," it is still said that Russia's nuclear-powered submarines are not yet operational, but "this ostrich-like attitude can hardly be reconciled with the success which attended the building and operation of the Soviet nuclear-powered icebreaker *Lenin*."

Probably none of Russia's subs can yet match the U.S. *Polaris* missile subs' ability to fire from a submerged position, and the missiles they carry are presumed to be only short-range (300 miles) land-type types installed on regular subs whose conning towers were enlarged to make a firing platform for them. But the Russians are undoubtedly working on *Polaris*-like missiles, Blackman warned, and "it would be unwise to assume, especially in view of Soviet success in astral rocketry, that the U.S.S.R. is any less capable than other nations in the field of hydrodynamic rocketry."

Enterprising Crime

The late-at-night knock on the door supposedly has disappeared in Russia. But who can be sure? Hearing the knocks, householders admitted grim-faced men flashing badges and search warrants. In Moscow the family of one Nina Ivanovna was brusquely told that Nina had been arrested at her job as manager of a state-owned secondhand store. The callers demanded all of Nina's valuables, and her terrified mother handed over a bag containing some 250,000 rubles in cash and government bonds. Fur-Cutter Aleksei Aleksandrov caved in at the sight of the dreaded secret police and surrendered 300,000 rubles in money and furs. One victim, finally, put in a timid call to the authorities, to ask if the night visitors were really official. Last week the "secret policemen" who had spread a little incidental terror from Moscow and Leningrad to Khar'kov and Stalino were exposed as a gang of criminals and con men headed by one Leon Voskonian.

On trial in a Moscow district court, Voskonian and his gang got help of a sort from those they had robbed. Nina Ivanovna and her mother insisted that the stolen bag contained only 100,000 rubles, not 250,000. Furrier Aleksandrov estimated his loss at a mere 45,000 rubles and, at first, even denied owning a diamond watch shown him for identification. What the blackmailed Muscovites feared was revealed in the columns of *Moskovskaya Pravda*, which stated ominously: "We assume the Anti-Speculation Squad will try to clarify how the victims accumulated such large sums. Speaking plainly, it is hardly usual for a store manager or a fur cutter to possess hundreds of thousands of rubles."

WEST GERMANY

Capital Gain

Bonn, complains one longtime German diplomat, is "not a capital but a form of capital punishment." A guidebook once described the foggy little university town (1946 pop. 94,694), the birthplace of Beethoven, as "a favorite resting place for retired officials in the evening of their lives." Lacking first-line hotels, nightclubs and airport, it is often jeeringly called "the federal village." The streets are cobbled, narrow, picturesquely obstructed by vegetable markets and, at one conspicuous intersection, by a medieval gate that funnels all traffic into a single lane. The main rail line between Cologne and Koblenz runs smack through the middle of the town, and for 20 minutes of every hour the guardrails are down, halting all traffic as the trains shuttle through.

When Chancellor Konrad Adenauer picked Bonn as temporary headquarters for the new federal republic of West Germany, it was supposed to serve only until Germany was reunified and Berlin restored as the rightful capital. In fact, its provisional character became a symbol of West Germans' refusal to acquiesce in the division of their country, and, as such, was sedulously maintained. Eleven years later the Ministry of Transport is still over a bank, Atomic Affairs in a hotel, Treasury in a castle on the Rhine. The diplomatic set is even more far-flung—the Russians in a former resort hotel ten miles out of town, the Chileans upstairs over a Woolworth store.

As the government grew, great, boxlike buildings have risen to house the Parliament and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The Defense Ministry is starting to build an eleven-story headquarters on the outskirts, so massive that German newspapers call it "the Pentabonn." But even here the provisional fiction was preserved—all new buildings were so designed that they could be converted to other uses, e.g., the Bundestag building is to be turned into a teachers' college, the Defense Ministry into a hospital.

Today, 335,000 people jam into Bonn and the surrounding towns. This year Chancellor Adenauer, whose foes always claimed he picked Bonn as the capital because his own home is right across the river in the village of Rhöndorf, prodded the Bonn municipality into drawing up a plan to widen streets, build railroad underpasses, and even clear blocks of old houses to make room for federal office buildings. Estimated cost: \$150 million.

But who would pay for it? Bonn's city fathers pointed out that they would not need to make the improvements if Bonn were not the capital, and federal budgeteers objected that such a commitment by the federal government would betray the long insistence that Germany must one day be reunited.

The Old Man called in his federal planners, brushed aside their argument. "Don't we live too crowded around here?" he snapped. Last week officials were scurrying to find ways to tap federal funds.

Next spring, at Adenauer's orders, the federal village will begin to look less provisional and more like what Adenauer has made it—the seat of Western Europe's most affluent state.

LAOS

Battle for Vientiane

Warfare is not in character for Laotians, a gentle people given to indolence, rice wine and frequent Buddhist festivals. But one noon last week civil war broke in the administrative capital of Vientiane, the City of Sandalwood. Tanks rolled through the streets firing in all directions. Mortar shells thudded down on hotels, embassies and shops. At a temple, 100 monks in saffron robes fluttered about like

stronghold to the south, Savannakhet, General Phoumi countered by convening most of the members of the National Assembly. They voted Prince Souvanna out of office and named as the new Premier Boun Oum, a silver-haired, pro-U.S. princeling from Laos' lush southern hill country. Then by river boat, foot and plane, three battalions of Phoumi's troops moved on Vientiane.

Phoumi's troops, well equipped with U.S. tanks and weapons, carried the downtown area in their first assault. Kong Le's men fell back to the west and south, but then laid down an artillery barrage that was suspiciously accurate by Laotian standards of gunnery. Shells crashed into the U.S. embassy, setting it afire; under small-arms fire from a cemetery near by, some 30 persons inside crawled out on their bellies. Five shells hit the rickety Constellation Hotel, where women and children crouched in the bar and cried. As the barrage kept up, flash fires raced through the flimsy brothels and opium dens along the Avenue of Evening Paradise. Risking the crossfire, prostitutes and addicts joined the long lines of refugees that padded along the banks of the Mekong River to catch a ferry across to safety in Thailand.

Changing Flags. For three days the battle lines shifted. Desertions were commonplace and simple to effect; a soldier of uncertain mind had only to change the red arm band of the Kong Le faction for the white band of General Phoumi. Anxious to please, shopkeepers waved red or white flags as the tide of battle wavered.

Gradually Kong Le's men retreated—to the outskirts of town, then to the airport (his only supply line to the Communists). Caught in a deadly barrage, 1,500 surrendered and the rest fled into the jungle country that the Pathet Lao controls. As Vientiane counted its dead (an estimated 200), TIME Reporter James Wilde cabled: "The streets were littered with broken glass, shattered bricks, mangled cars, shell cases, abandoned trucks and Jeeps. In the center of town I passed bodies covered with a cloth or a bamboo mat. Funeral pyres lit the sky. Here and there the sidewalks were stained with blood." On the heels of Kong Le's retreat, Premier Prince Boun Oum drove into Vientiane and sent out an appeal for U.S. aid for his ravaged capital.

The U.S., which maintained correct relations with Neutralist Souvanna but made no secret of its private preference for anti-Communist Phoumi, quickly offered its support. A State Department spokesman warned that aggression against Laos from Communist North Viet Nam could bring both Thailand and South Viet Nam to the rescue and start a Southeast Asian war. But even without overt aggression, Boun Oum and Phoumi faced bitter days ahead. Though Phoumi declared that he had wanted was "a neutral Laos," the Communists were smarting for revenge, and from the Pathet Lao came an order of the day: "Develop guerrilla warfare powerfully. Destroy supply lines, communications and transport."



John Launois—Black Star
GENERAL PHOUMI
Carnage on Paradise Avenue.

a flock of birds, seeking shelter behind big stone images of Buddha.

The fight for Vientiane was the long-postponed showdown between armies of the left and right in Laos. Ever since his coup in August, the city has been controlled by pro-Communist Captain Kong Le with a battalion of paratroops. Much of the rest of the country has remained in the hands of pro-U.S. General Phoumi Nosavan, the closest thing Laos has to a strongman. When neutralist Premier Prince Souvanna Phouma gave up his assiduous attempts at compromise between the two factions and flew off to safety in Cambodia (TIME, Dec. 19), the stage was set for trouble.

Showdown. Kong Le began by reinforcing his garrison with 2,000 Communist Pathet Lao guerrillas from the nearby jungles. Then he turned for further aid to his good friend, Russian Ambassador Aleksandr Abramov. Helpfully, Abramov flew in six 105-mm. howitzers and eight 120-mm. mortars as well as a batch of North Vietnamese to teach the Laotians how to use their new weapons. At his

THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA Of Trade & Nationalism

We will search for substitutes immediately. There are North Americans who specialize in evading the blockade and selling. The law of profit is more important to them than any other thing.

—Cuban Economic Czar Ernesto ("Che") Guevara; discussing the U.S. embargo of Cuba

The Bristol Britannia with the Cubana Airlines markings hobbled to a halt on the runway of Ottawa's Uplands Airport, and

cial looked into reports that U.S. wheel-dealers were sending embargoed goods to Canada, then trans-shipping them via the U.S. in sealed freight cars to the Havana railway ferry at West Palm Beach, Fla. He reported back that "not a single provable case has turned up."

Respect for Views. Canada would indeed like to increase trade—and not simply because the prospect of a slice of the former \$545 million-a-year U.S.-Cuba trade looked irresistible. A tide of nationalism and of disenchantment with U.S. leadership is running in Canada. Hardly a day goes by without calls for Canada to

out of resentment of the U.S. as out of a new conception of themselves by Canadians. It will be a fact of life between the traditional friends in the months to come.

MEXICO

Meet Mr. Jenkins

Though it grows increasingly conservative with the years, Mexico's one-party government still calls itself revolutionary and acts the part by occasional nationalization of foreign private enterprise. Last week President Adolfo López Mateos was onstage in full revolutionary uniform as a \$26 million plan to buy out 365 of Mexico's leading cinemas went into effect. The intention: to clip the wings of the theater owner, U.S. Citizen William O. Jenkins, 82, a mysterious buccaner-businessman who has built the biggest personal fortune in Mexico, a money pile estimated anywhere from \$200 million to \$300 million.

Good Bad Luck. Over the years Jenkins has cloaked his operations in such secrecy that an intriguing mixture of fact and legend has grown up around his empire building. Born May 18, 1878 in Shelbyville, Tenn., Jenkins showed up in Aguascalientes, Mexico in 1901, dead broke. He took a job as a railway mechanic for 50¢ a day. In 1906, a U.S. missionary group staked him to enough capital to launch an itinerant haberdashery business.

His wanderings carried him to Puebla, where he went into small businesses (grain brokerage, real estate) and became the U.S. consular agent in the chaotic days following the 1910 revolution. His financial talents were frustrated by a shortage of funds until he had a fortunate stroke of bad luck. In 1920 Jenkins was kidnapped by General Manuel Peláez, one of the bandit enemies of then-President Venustiano Carranza, and held for \$25,000 ransom. Rather than offend the intervention-prone U.S., Carranza paid off—and through an unlikely stroke of generosity on General Peláez' part, Jenkins is said to have received half of the booty.

Gift of Foresight. Just when Prohibition gripped the U.S., Jenkins plunged into the sugar and alcohol business. Sometimes he bought in his own name, other times in cooperation with such men as Maximino Avila Camacho, the brother of onetime (1940-46) President Manuel Avila Camacho. When the great exploiter, President Lázaro Cárdenas, began casting covetous eyes at some of Jenkins' sugar land in the late 1930s, Jenkins shrewdly gave the land to Cárdenas as a gift. Later Jenkins told a friend, "I came out on top. I still get my sugar from the same land because I finance the peasants' crops."

By the mid-1940s Jenkins was in a position to swallow an entire \$5,000,000 issue of bonds by the Mexican government's holding corporation, Nacional Fi-



Macpherson—Toronto Star

"... AND WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE FOR CHRISTMAS?"

out stepped ten Cubans who had flown nonstop from Havana. At their head stood Regino Boti, Fidel Castro's U.S.-hating Minister of Economy. They had come to Canada, proclaimed Boti, with \$150 million "to find out what we can purchase." His face abeam, Trade Minister George Hees told newsmen: "You can't do business with better businessmen anywhere."

More Talk Than Deals. From south of the border came strongly worded protests: Canada is sending Cuba "everything this country is denying it," charged Louisiana Senator Russell Long. He urged the U.S. to stop buying Canadian oil and then watch the Canadians "race to Washington to tell us they are quitting dealing with Castro."

On closer examination, it was clear that there was more talk than trade in the Cuba-Canada picture. Despite a doubling of exports to Canada, from \$809,000 in October 1959 to \$1,675,000 in October 1960, Canada's shipments to Cuba for all 1960 were running \$3,000,000 below 1959's \$12 million. Castro's economic agents talked big deals, but so far have signed few contracts. A U.S. embassy offi-

assert its own leadership and go its own self-interested way. Last week Prime Minister Diefenbaker rose in the House of Commons to explain Ottawa's official position. Said he: "We respect the views of other nations in their relations with Cuba just as we expect that they respect our views in our relations."

The mood of Canadian independence of the U.S. could also be seen in the results of a Gallup poll in which Canadians were asked whether they should become neutral in the Swiss tradition in the event of an atomic war between the West and East. While 58% lined up with the West, 42% were not so sure, and of these, 22% were actively for neutralism. Wrote Hugh MacLennan, one of Canada's top novelists, in the *Toronto Star*: "At the moment, the U.S. is considered a greater threat to world peace than Russia."

Many Canadians wondered whether the unfriendliness was not being overdone. Said Toronto's Liberal Senator David Croll: "Anti-Americanism seems to be part of a new sort of Canadianism these days. We are not going to build up our sovereignty by anti-Americanism." Yet the sentiment is there, rising not so much

nanciera, without apparent strain. When a projected four-lane highway from Mexico City to Querétaro lagged for lack of funds, Jenkins lent the contractors \$25.6 million to finish the job, while at the same time offering the government \$80 million to help finance a new superhighway from Puebla to Mexico City. Among his reported holdings today: the Bank of Commerce, textile mills, cement plants, an automobile assembly plant, finance companies and a soap factory.

Park Bench Leisure. Despite vast success and fortune, Jenkins still clings to simple ways. He owns a rococo mansion overlooking Acapulco Bay but spends most of his time in the seclusion of his relatively modest and middle-class home in Puebla. In his shabby office in Puebla, Jenkins types out his own letters on a 20-year-old portable typewriter perched on a much-scuffed wooden desk. He wears well-seasoned dark suits and broad, sometimes soiled neckties. For relaxation he likes to lounge on Puebla's park benches or play a few rubbers of bridge.

None of Jenkins' vast holdings brought him more notoriety among movie-mad Mexicans than his string of cinemas. Starting with one movie house in Puebla in 1939, Jenkins ran his competitors out of business. But some 20 years ago the government clamped a mass-pleasing ceiling of 4 pesos on admission prices in the Federal District. As inflation and devaluation later whittled the peso's value from 20¢ to 8¢, knowing businessmen think that he sold out the cinema equipment two years ago to his former partners. He kept most of the theater buildings, and now the government will have to pay him rent, since its \$26 million was only enough to buy the seats, the projection equipment and the long-term leases.

ECUADOR

Perils of Peacemaking

The sky-high republic of Ecuador last week was the stage for an increasingly familiar scene. In a handful of cities, mobs dragged the U.S. flag through the streets, stoned U.S.-Ecuadorian "friendship centers," set afire a U.S. consul's car. In Quito, the American embassy was stoned, and 20,000 demonstrators, chanting "*Cuba, Rusia y E-cua-dor*," marched to a rabble-rousing pep rally led by President José María Velasco Ibarra and his pro-Communist Interior Minister Manuel Araújo.

"If justice is not done to Ecuador, there will be no peace," cried Velasco. "If necessary, we will become allies of Russia," shouted Araújo, and the mob roared back: "*Yanqui, no; Rusia, sí.*"

What had the U.S. done to invoke such wrath? To preserve peace in Latin America at the beginning of World War II, Washington was reluctantly involved in a centuries-old border dispute between Ecuador and Peru. At issue was a triangle of steaming upper Amazon jungle almost as big (77,000 sq. mi.) as Ecuador itself. For 400 years the tract had been claimed by both nations. Then, in 1942, the U.S.—along with Brazil, Argentina and Chile—promoted a settlement, the Protocol of



CINEMA KING JENKINS
A half-ransom for a start.

Rio de Janeiro, based on Peru's *de facto* control. Under the protocol, the four nations were also to serve as guarantors of the peace.

There the matter stood simmering until September of this year, when Velasco Ibarra became Ecuador's President for the fourth (nonconsecutive) time, immediately announced that he wanted the tract. When the U.S. and its three peace-making partners held firm, the mobs began to move.

Though the U.S. was little more than a bystander, it was the obvious target of the mobs, partly because it has become the standard target of Latin leftists, partly because anti-U.S. Interior Minister



PATÍÑO & BRIDE No. 2
A bargain at \$5,000,000.

Araújo was pulling some of the strings. At week's end Araújo found he had gone too far, even for Velasco Ibarra, who announced he had accepted his deputy's "resignation." Unfortunately, Araújo's work could not so easily be erased. The biggest gainers in the land squabble were Fidel Castro and Soviet Russia, who guarantee nothing but total confusion.

BOLIVIA

Tin Ears

The deal had a medieval ring. President Victor Paz Estenssoro needed more money to shore up his country's nationalized tin mines; the tin baron wanted a divorce. What more logical situation?

Last week Antenor Patiño, 65, head of what was once the richest of Bolivia's tin baronies, agreed in principle to a loan of \$5,000,000 to the Bolivian government tin corporation. In return, Paz promised to let through a law that would permit Patiño to divorce his first wife, Princess María Cristina de Borbón (a niece of Spain's last monarch, Alfonso XIII), and clear up any bigamous misgivings over the status of Patiño's second wife, Beatriz María Julia de Rivera Degeon.

The marrying Mr. Patiño was getting a bargain. Shedding the first Mrs. Patiño has been his prime—and somewhat hazardous—objective for years. In 1942 the princess walked out and filed divorce proceedings for adultery in New York State. At the time, Patiño did not want a divorce, managed to head it off by a separation agreement stipulating that he would immediately pay his wife \$500,000, with an additional \$500,000 to be paid nine years later—unless he was caught committing adultery before then, in which case he was to pay the second \$500,000 on the spot. Sure enough, Patiño had to pay off early, after an expensive series of transcontinental train rides with a New York model.

In 1958, smitten with the well-bred Spanish beauty of Beatriz María Julia, Patiño capped a long campaign to be legally free by obtaining a Mexican divorce. At that, Princess María Cristina decided no settlement, no divorce, and sued for a sizable chunk of the Patiño fortune on the reasonably sound ground that, as a Bolivian, Patiño is subject to the Bolivian law that foreign divorces are legal only when the nation in which the marriage was performed (in this case, divorceless Spain) permits divorce.

The obvious way out was to change the Bolivian divorce law. In prerevolutionary 1949, the tin baron proceeded to do just that. After the Senate gave Patiño what he wanted and it went to the Lower House, an embarrassingly plaintive and highly publicized cable arrived from the princess, arousing the influential Catholic Church and stopping Congress in its tracks. Earlier this year, Patiño tried again, but his efforts were vetoed by President Paz.

This time, with Paz determined to prop the collapsing economy, the most eloquent message from the distressed princess is likely to fall on tin presidential ears.

PEOPLE

Tooting into Paris after a two-month jam session in Africa as good-will ambassador for Pepsi-Cola and the State Department, leather-lunged Trumpeter **Louis ("Satchmo") Armstrong** confided to the New York *Herald Tribune's* Art Buchwald that the Congo—for Satchmo, anyway—is as safe as a cat's own front porch. "Half the times I didn't know whether I was in the Congo or out of it," grumbled Armstrong. "Them African places all look alike. But Léopoldville was great. I had three armies escorting me everywhere I went. There was the United Nations cats, the Congo cats, and then we had Ghanaian troops all around us. A man gets good protection in the Congo." But Satchmo's best life insurance was his refusal to talk politics: "I just took a John L. Sullivan stance and blew the horn!"

Devoted to an art that his dictator father proscribed as decadent. Jazz Pianist **Romano Mussolini**, 33, has long kept his political opinions to himself. Last week, temporarily diverting his attention from the combo he fronts in a new Rome nightclub, Romano finally admitted his belief that in most respects Papa knew best. Said he: "I would be a Fascist now or at any time in the past. Though I was brought up in a particular environment, I'm a Fascist in logic and conviction as well as in sentiment." He thinks that Italians were lots jollier under the Duce than they are under democracy: "Even with two or three cars, Italians are dissatisfied today. Morale is low. In the past they had nothing, but they were happier."

Accompanied by bright-eyed **Princess Yasmin**, 10, her pixyish daughter by the late **Ally Khan**, Cinematress **Rita Hayworth**, 42, sailed from Manhattan for

Spain to co-star with Rex Harrison in a film titled *The Oldest Confession*. On hand to chaperone Rita and Rex, who will be playing a married couple in the "suspense comedy," will be the film's producer, James Hill, who happens to be Rita's fifth and current husband.

In a belated victory dance, Illinois' twink'e-toed Governor-elect **Otto Kerner**, 52, kicked up his heels as if he had just heard the election returns. Democrat Kerner's elfin partners were two kiddies attending a Christmas party of Chicago's Off-the-Street Club, a civic organization that keeps children out of trouble and politicians out of smoke-filled rooms.

Eleanor Roosevelt came away from the Broadway hit version of *Advise and Consent* filled with "depression and dis-



Associated Press
PRINCESS BIRGITTA & FIANCE
Mingling in Munich.

hann Georg of Hohenzollern, 28, is mad for sports, will soon get his doctor's degree from the University of Munich in the fresh-air field of archaeology—which is also the lifelong hobby of Birgitta's grandfather, Sweden's King Gustaf. Later, invited to Sweden for a royal elk hunt, the Prince succeeded in bagging more attractive quarry. In Stockholm, Birgitta's widowed mother, Princess Sibylla, announced the royal engagement last week. **Johann Georg** may want to brush up on his fencing; only four days before the betrothal, Birgitta won a Swedish national fencing crown.



Associated Press
GOVERNOR-ELECT KERNER & PARTNERS
Shindig in Chicago.

gust," she reported in her syndicated column. "I know how ruthless and how utterly discouraging politics can be. I think I know how to remember one's friends and how to fight against one's enemies. But I have seen this done without stealing, without doublecrossing and without threats." Particularly worried by the impression the show might make on Manhattan-based U.N. delegates, the one-time First Lady angrily declared: "If this were wartime, I think one would cry treason at this play."

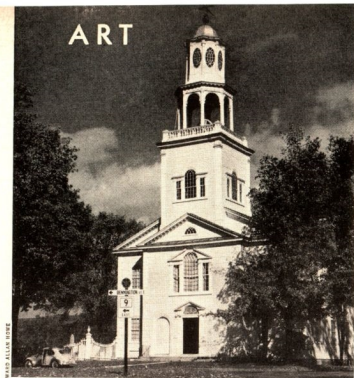
Last winter Sweden's beautiful, bouncy **Princess Birgitta** went to West Germany to improve her German and indulge her zest for sports. While in Munich, Birgitta, 23, who teaches gymnastics, met a young man ideally equipped to help her with both projects. A skilled gymnast himself, Germany's rugged **Prince Jo-**

While Cinematress **Peter Lawford** pushed ahead with a talent-packed extravaganza aimed at paying off the \$2,000,000 deficit of the recent Democratic campaign (TIME, Dec. 10), Peter's mother melodramatically moved to meet her own bills. In Hollywood, **Lady Lawford**, seventieth, a British subject ("I would have voted for Mr. Nixon"), took a salesgirl's position with a flossy local jeweler. She was to draw \$50 a week for expenses, plus 5% on her sales. Her ladyship's friends explained that she is getting along on a \$52-a-month British pension, with Lawford helping out by paying the rent on her house and anteing up a \$150 monthly allowance. Peter's friends had another explanation. Snapped one: "Peter has always taken care of his mother. She's bugged at him because she's not accepted in the social swim. She's trying to create the picture of a poor old lady living in a Montana lean-to on bacon grease." At week's end, after only two days on the job, Lady Lawford, who had earned not a penny in commissions, quit. Refusing her \$50 pay, her ladyship blamed it all on a political conspiracy. She lamented that her jeweler boss claimed that he was losing his Democratic customers because of her differences with Peter's Kennedy-in-laws.



UPI
PRINCESS YASMIN & MOTHER
Suspense in Spain.

ART



BENNINGTON'S FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (1806)

The New Churches

Across the land this Christmas season, churches old and new, grand or unpretentious, prepare for the gladdest occasion of the Christian calendar. The choirs, practicing the favorite carols, come as close as they will be to perfection, crèches are installed, candles lit. The old is comfortable and familiar. But across the wintry U.S. this year, more churchgoers than ever before will find themselves in novel surroundings (see color).

During the year 1960, a round \$1 billion has been poured into new churches, accounting for 13.2% of all public buildings put up in the U.S. The church boom has attracted some of the best U.S. architects, and led them to produce buildings that are often adventuresome in structure and forthright in their use of materials. They are buildings that address themselves, with varying degrees of success, to growing community demands and to changing liturgical customs.

Temples on Human Scale. The new churches first of all bear witness that congregations today are determined to reassert their place in a highly secular century. "This is not a great cathedral-building age, like the Middle Ages," Chicago's German-born Ludwig Mies van der Rohe says. "Today, if you tried to build a cathedral, you would succeed only in building a big church. Not religion but technology is the controlling spirit of the age."

Pietro Belluschi, dean of architecture at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and himself one of the most skilled of church architects, reluctantly concurs. But for Architect Belluschi this fact is in itself a challenge: "If we cannot erect great monuments, we may endeavor to create

small temples, on a more human scale, designed in a sensitive manner so as to produce the kind of atmosphere most conducive to worship."

Honest Materials. The church form most suited to worship varies greatly in the minds of U.S. churchmen. It ranges from such early classics as Carpenter Lavinia Fillmore's First Congregational Church in Bennington, Vt., derived from an 18th century American builder's handbook adapting the designs of Sir Christopher Wren, to the asymmetrical, aspiring structures of Frank Lloyd Wright, whose intention, in churches like Redding, Calif.'s soon-to-be-built Pilgrim Congregational Church, was to create a wholly new and American architecture. Today the right to use materials naturally and unadorned (as Wright would have them) has become common, accepted practice—seems indeed to have a special churchly

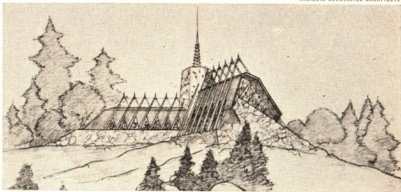
appeal because of its ring of honesty. Architect Ralph Rapson boldly built St. Peter's Lutheran Church in Edina, Minn., in exposed steel and concrete, sheathing the exterior with aluminum. California Architect Mario Corbett designed his expressive Hope Lutheran Church in native woods, "unfinished," noted the minister, "the way God made them."

Technology, placed at the service of the church, makes possible more audacity in design. For the Benedictine monastery church of St. John's at Collegeville, Minn., Marcel Breuer has flung skyward a 112-ft.-high bell banner utilizing reinforced concrete and parabolic curves to erect a vertical cantilever, a form that Architect Breuer thinks as expressive of the mid-20th century as the Byzantine dome and Gothic arch and spire were of their times.

Tradition Updated. Technology also tempts to structural exhibitionism. Pietro Belluschi has raised a warning: "A simple church, well proportioned, is always better than an elaborate one. Church design should be an exercise in restraint, in understatement." Belluschi is equally concerned that the cult of novelty for its own sake, and the clinical clarity now fashionable in architecture, might remove from the church symbols that have both embodied and nourished faith. "People need them and live by them to a greater extent than is realized," Belluschi says.

In his own churches, Belluschi (a Roman Catholic who has worked as well for Lutherans, Episcopalians and Jews) is responsible for the inclusion of such traditional equipment as candlesticks and crucifixes, calls in such modernists as Sculptor Richard Lippold and Painter Gyorgy Kepes to help. He demands that artists use materials both as contemporary as stainless steel and as old as cathedral glass, to give the church traditional richness and warmth of color. In searching for the most modern solution, he has lately returned to the earliest Christian prototypes: Portsmouth Priory's Church of St. Gregory the Great repeats in its octagonal plan Ravenna's San Vitale, founded by the Emperor Justinian in A.D. 526.

Altar in the Center. Tradition is proving a challenge and a help to modern church architects in unexpected ways. A



FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT'S PILGRIM CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (1961)



PRIORY CHURCH for the Benedictine boys' school in Portsmouth, R.I. was designed by Pietro Belluschi so that clerestory of tinted glass would illuminate austere interior with warm color. Richard Lippold designed wire sculpture incorporating crucifix.

J. ALEX LANGLEY



BELL BANNER for the still unfinished church at St. John's Abbey and College in Collegeville, Minn. is a mighty concrete

slab, soaring 112 feet high, held aloft by parabolic arches, which Architect Marcel Breuer feels is symbol of present age.

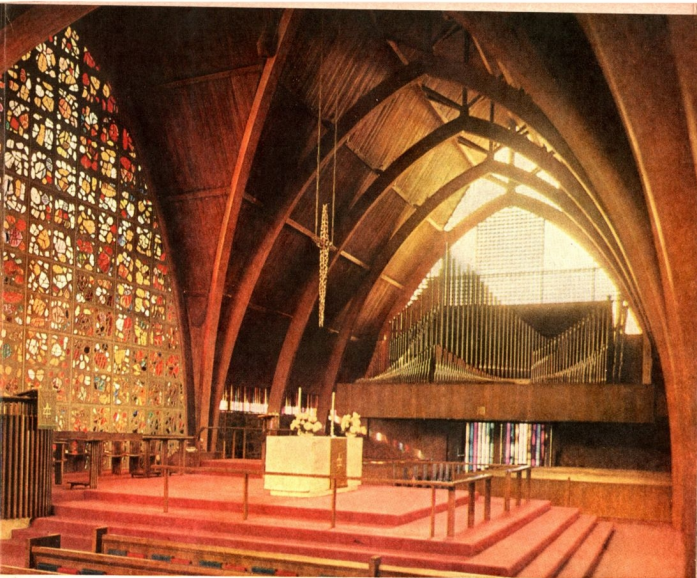
WABSON BROS. CO. CHICAGO, ILL.



RALTER BENNETT

BRIGHT STAR in aluminum and glass is formed by steep, eight-peaked roof designed by Ralph Rapson for St. Peter's Lutheran Church, Edina, Minn.



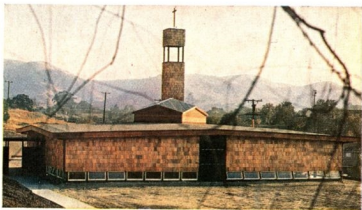


WARREN REYNOLDS (INFINITY INC.)



ELUSIVE CROSS appears in cathedral glass window designed by Gyorgy Kepes for Belluschi's Episcopal

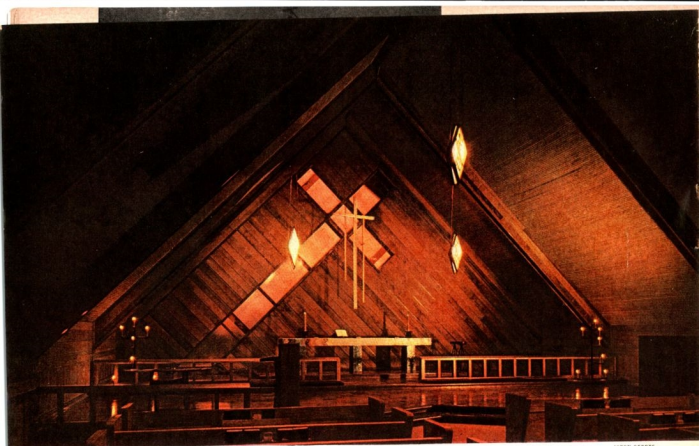
Church of the Redeemer in Baltimore. Laminated-wood bents span transept, recall soaring Gothic arches.



LEONARD WATSON

WOOD CAMPANILE towers above St. Anselm's Episcopal Church, Lafayette, Calif. Architect Olav Ham-

marstrom prefers wood as "a human, warm material," lighted church with low windows to add note of mystery.



JOHN KENDIS

TILTED CROSS of tinted glass is set into redwood end wall of Mario Corbett's Hope Lutheran Church in Daly City, Calif. Altar objects were made by the congregation.

SURGING CHURCH, intended to recall upward road to Calvary, is highly expressive structure which has attracted so many members that Lutheran congregation has doubled.



prime example is the fast-growing liturgical movement, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, which emphasizes the centrality of the Mass or Communion for the church, and goes back for precedent to the early Christian practice whereby the congregation gathered around the Communion table and actively participated in the sacrament. "What we are seeking to restore," says San Francisco's Episcopal Bishop James Pike, "is the family around the table of the Lord."

Out of this liturgical movement has come a demand for the altar-centered church. In 1942 Roman Catholic St. Mark's in Burlington, Vt. experimented with placing the sanctuary with altar at the crossing of nave and transepts, thus making it visible from three sides. In 1948 the Episcopalians at St. Clement's in Alexandria, Va. placed the altar facing banks of pews. Rector Darby Wood Betts argued that "the Church is first and foremost a family called into being by its Father which is God. Therefore we sit facing one another, rather than looking at the back of one another's heads as does an audience; we are a congregation, those called together."

Apostolic Simplicity. This liturgical reform rejects the medieval practice that made the church service an awesome mystery and spectacle seen in deep perspective and culminating in the moment when, to the tinkling of bells, the Host and chalice are raised on high. As clergy and congregation have begun to draw closer together, it was almost inevitable that architects would sooner or later rediscover the church-in-the-round.

In 1955 Bishop Pike, then dean of Manhattan's Cathedral of St. John the Divine, tried the experiment during a Cape Cod vacation. He persuaded his summer congregation in Wellfleet, Mass. to build a church, designed by Finnish-born Olav Hammarstrom, which groups 350 people around an octagonal sanctuary, and no churchgoer is more than six rows from the altar rail. Last year Bishop Pike invited Architect Hammarstrom to the Pacific Coast to design a brother church, St. Anselm's in Lafayette, Calif., where some 450 parishioners assemble within the octagonal space, none more than seven rows from the altar. In a service that both appeals to Americans' democratic instincts and, as one parishioner put it, resembles "sitting around the holy table as in an apostolic age," clergy and even the bishop sit among the people, and laymen rise from their pews in the congregation to read the Old Testament lesson and the Epistle. Even the unvested choir is no longer segregated, but sits with the congregation to prompt them.

"At St. Anselm's," says Bishop Pike proudly, "the congregation is not the audience for a performing clergy and choir. The clergy, choir and congregation perform together, and God is the audience." So popular, in fact, is St. Anselm's that Bishop Pike now proposes to revamp San Francisco's still unfinished Grace Cathedral to place the high altar at the crossing of nave and transepts.

Fat in the Fire

The reduction or control of fat consumption under medical supervision, with reasonable substitution of poly-unsaturated for saturated fats, is recommended as a possible means of preventing atherosclerosis and decreasing the risk of heart attacks and strokes.

The statement itself was hardly news, but its sponsorship was. Half reluctantly, the American Heart Association finally gave its blessing to the anti-cholesterol crusade. In one taut paragraph, it cau-



PHYSIOLOGIST KEYS
A heartfelt warning.

tiously sanctioned the painstaking work of researchers such as New York's Dr. Norman Jolliffe and Minneapolis' Dr. Ancel Keys. Their research indicates, in essence, that saturated fats stimulate the body's production of cholesterol, which joins other substances to line and narrow the arteries, make them susceptible to blockages that can starve the heart or brain and cause death. A major part of the evidence comes from Dr. Keys, whose studies of foreign populations, concentration-camp victims and Minnesota businessmen suggested that the high U.S. rate of heart-artery disease might be blamed on the fat-heavy American diet.

"Study of diets in the U.S.," said the A.H.A. report, "indicates that they usually contain large amounts of fat, which account for approximately 40-45% of the calories. In contrast, many populations in other parts of the world—for example, large groups in Asia, Africa and Latin America—eat food containing barely a third as much fat. The concentrations of cholesterol in the blood of such groups are much less than in those consuming the excess-calorie and high-fat diets, and some

reports indicate that heart attacks are correspondingly fewer."

Heavily qualified ("As yet there is no final proof"), the A.H.A. statement failed to beat its detractors—who were primed for battle—into print. The National Dairy Council, whose products (whole milk, butter, cream, cheese) were identified by the A.H.A. as cholesterol-producing villains, fought back fiercely. "The idea that replacing some 'saturated' fats [animal and hydrogenated fats] with 'unsaturated' fats will help prevent heart disease is clearly unproved," said the council. Manipulating the diet in favor of unsaturated fats (chiefly liquid vegetable oils), suggested the council darkly, could even be dangerous to health.

Producers of unsaturated fats, such as Mazola Corn Oil and Wesson Oil, were ready, too. They took full-page ads in the nation's newspapers to echo the A.H.A. action. And in Minneapolis, Physiologist Keys—who helped draft the A.H.A. statement—called it an acceptable compromise, although it contained "some undue pussy-footing." Said he: "The A.H.A. had to get the facts out. A deal like this includes a great deal of commercial pressure. People in the meat, dairy, butter, and oils industries have billions at stake. They're very unhappy. The vegetable oil people are delighted. We couldn't care less."

Uranium Miners' Cancer

The U.S. uranium industry was only a fledgling operation in 1949 when the U.S. Public Health Service, aware that lung cancer was striking down European uranium miners, decided to launch a quiet, long-term study of workers in the ore-rich Colorado Plateau mines. Last week the PHS's Dr. Harold J. Magnuson, results in hand, dashed to Denver for an emergency meeting with four Western Governors. The news he carried was alarming: the death rate from lung cancer among uranium miners is five times as great as that of U.S. men in general.

The cause seemed clear: radon, a dense gas that emanates from uranium, is highly radioactive and breaks down into products that are radioactive too. If there are more than 300 micromicrocuries of radioactive material per liter of air in a mine, the mine is officially rated unsafe. Investigators found air in 50% of the uranium mines in Colorado and Arizona contaminated by four to five times the safe level of radiation. In one mine, they counted 47,000 micromicrocuries per liter of air.

Colorado's Governor Steve McNichols blamed the Federal Government for the radon menace. State attempts to improve working conditions in the mines, said McNichols, have been handicapped by the government's reluctance to furnish information on the dangers of radiation. He charged that the Atomic Energy Commission has forced the price of uranium so low that small mine operators cannot afford proper safeguards and ventilation for their miners.

SPORT

Laughing Boy & The Weeper

Whenever the going got rough, an invariable sequence of events always seemed to overtake Italy's two standout tennis stars: lithe Nicola Pietrangeli would weep, towering Orlando Sirola would laugh, and, sooner or later, both would get beaten. But last week in the Davis Cup interzone finals in Perth, Australia, the emotional Italians, crying and chortling as always, suddenly turned tough under pressure. After losing two matches in a row, they rallied to defeat a favored squad of U.S. youngsters 3-2, thereby earned Italy the right to challenge the proud Australians later this month for the Davis Cup itself.

The upset in Perth astounded the tennis world. No Italian team had ever before made the Davis Cup playoff, and not since 1936 had the Americans been shut out. Resigned to defeat, the Italians had even reserved seats on a plane flight leaving for home right after their matches with the U.S. The very first day of play nearly put the Italians on the plane; the U.S.'s belligerent Butch Buchholz, 20, beat Sirola 6-8, 7-5, 11-9, 6-2, and brooding Barry MacKay, 25, defeated Pietrangeli, 8-6, 3-6, 8-10, 8-6, 13-11. Muffling his sobs in a towel, Pietrangeli, the man the Roman fans call "Maritzozo" (Sugar Bun), had to sponge away the tears.

Sharp Blade. Then the Italians settled down to play. In the doubles, Pietrangeli's finesse and Sirola's power combined for a 3-6, 10-8, 6-4, 6-8, 6-4 victory over Buchholz and his boyhood partner from St. Louis, stocky Chuck McKinley, 19. Next day Pietrangeli kept Italy alive by using patty-ball tactics to befuddle the slugging Buchholz, 6-1, 6-2, 6-8, 3-6, 6-4. That put the team score at 2-2 and set up a show-

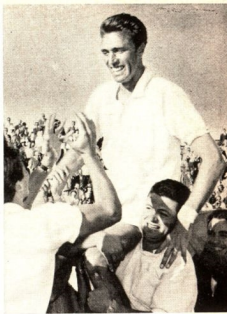
down between MacKay and Sirola, two of the hardest hitters in tennis.

Grim as a hanging judge, MacKay never did get his big game started against the relaxed Sirola, who capered about like a jolly blade on a Sunday picnic. Using the full leverage of his height and weight (6 ft. 7 in., 224 lbs.), Sirola mixed awesome serves with overhead smashes to win in a rout, 9-7, 6-3, 8-6. Unable to stand the strain of watching the match, Pietrangeli had nursed his anguish at a nearby beach, returned just in time to see the final point, crying: "The best match I never saw Orlando play."

Getting Their Kicks. For the defeated Americans, Sirola's totally unexpected victory was the culminating disaster of a disastrous trip. For weeks, the ill-mannered U.S. youngsters had been stirring up one of the biggest flaps in Australian tennis history by berating officials, swearing on court, hitting balls into the stands, and even heaving their rackets at spectators. Snapped Australian Tennis Boss Norman Strange: "Disgusting. In 36 years of tennis I have never seen anything so bad as their court behavior." Another official suggested that the young Americans, particularly Buchholz, needed "a swift kick in the pants." After Sirola's win, the Australian press gleefully reported that the Americans blew off steam in their dressing room by knocking a couple of holes in the wall. Later they enlivened an airline flight to Sydney by throwing around wads of toilet paper, managed to bean Edward Dunphy, one of Australia's ranking juniors.

Partly out of their disgust with the Americans, Australians took a shine to Sirola and Pietrangeli, two of the most refreshing individualists to hit big-time tennis in years. Sirola, 32, is a day-laborer's son who taught himself the sport. But despite the fact that tennis lifted him out of poverty, he continues to take it so casually that in Perth he astounded the gallery by striking up a conversation with a nearby fan while waiting for a temperamental U.S. opponent to settle himself down to play, Tunisian-born Pietrangeli, 27, is no less insouciant despite his periodic crying jags. Married to one of Rome's top fashion models and a dedicated clotheshorse himself (50 suits, 125 ties, 30 pairs of shoes), Pietrangeli last week practiced some sly gamesmanship on Buchholz by extravagantly admiring the American's gaily colored sports jacket, then asking: "Do they make these for men, too?"

"Who Knows?" In the Davis Cup, the Italians will be the underdogs against Australia's blond Neale Fraser, 27, the finest amateur in the world, and Rod ("Rocket") Laver, 22, a stubby, shy stylist. Since both Fraser and Laver are left-handed, left-handed Jaroslav Drobný, 39, the old Czech campaigner who coaches the Italian team, is preparing to work himself into the ground in practice sessions. The outcome of the matches is



© Western Australian Newspapers

ORLANDO SIROLA

A chat with the gallery.

splendidly uncertain. Says Sirola: "Perhaps we will tighten up and play badly, and then again perhaps we will go out there with nothing on our minds and play terrifically. Who knows?"

Playing for Pay

For U.S. athletes it was a week of remarkable candor on the issue of sportsmanliness v. the profit motive. Gathered in Manhattan to attend a dinner in their honor, a clutch of All-Americans gave a *New York Times* reporter their jaundiced views on the drawbacks of "amateur" college football. Items:

❑ Pittsburgh End Mike Ditka: "We draw about \$80,000 into the stadium every Saturday, and we should get at least \$30 a month for toothpaste and clean shirts."

❑ Iowa Guard Mark Manders (a married man): "You're doing a job for them, and married guys should receive fair play. We should get halfway decent expense accounts. I receive 37 bucks a month for room and board like all the single players, and it's not enough."

❑ Duke End Tee Moorman: "College football is a business. After you find out the facts, the fun wears off. They give us pencils and paper at Duke, but no hair tonic or gasoline. A fellow needs that stuff in college."

Talk of this sort was right down the back alley of Ike Williams, onetime (1947-51) lightweight champion and now a \$46-a-week New Jersey state employee. Appearing before Senator Estes Kefauver's hearings on the ills of boxing, Williams complained that he, too, had been underpaid throughout his career (during which he grossed \$1,000,000), never had got his cut of \$40,000 for two big fights from Manager Frank ("Blinky") Palermo. What seemed to nag at Williams most was that he had turned down more than



Associated Press

NICOLA PIETRANGELI
A vigil on the beach.

\$180,000 in bribes to throw fights, including one offer of \$100,000 to go in the tank for Kid Gavilan. Concluded Williams with bitter hindsight: "I should have taken the money."

The Showman

Everything about the tiny (500 students) Roman Catholic college of Belmont Abbey, nestling in the farmlands of southern North Carolina, suggests rural serenity. Everything, that is, save Basketball Coach Al McGuire, 32. Brash as Broadway, New York-born Al McGuire still has a subway tang to his speech as he blows his horn with the stridency of a barker at Coney. "I fill the people's gymnasiums, give 'em a good show and a good hall game," he says. "I may make silly statements, but I'm no jerk."

No one in U.S. basketball, least of all his enemies, can afford to call Belmont Abbey's McGuire a jerk. By all rights, his adopted school should be the smallest in smalltime basketball: its handbox gymnasium has only 500 permanent seats; players must clean their own uniforms. But under Al McGuire, Belmont Abbey has developed almost overnight into one of the nation's best small-college teams. Last week, winning two games out of three in Virginia's Quantico Tournament, Belmont Abbey's boys boosted Al McGuire's won-and-lost record to a gaudy 67-14 since 1957.

Below the Battery. By his own account, the secret of McGuire's success lies in taking an average of three players a year down to Abbey from the rich basketball territory of far-off New York. "I can't spend but about \$100 recruiting," says McGuire. "So when I go home summers I blow the whole hundred on lunches. I never even try to get a boy who's all-city or anything like that. I look for good boys on bad teams. I like to get boys from poor families, or maybe boys who had to quit school. I want 'em hungry, but not mean. They come down here without seeing the campus—they might not come if they saw it first."

Once he gets his Yankee rebels used to the sensation of being south of the Battery, McGuire teaches them a brand of sound, aggressive basketball that he himself learned back home in New York. With Brother Dick* (now coach of the N.B.A.'s Detroit Pistons), McGuire starred for St. John's and the professional Knicks, where his slashing style earned him the nickname "Tiger."

No Secrets. At Abbey these days they call McGuire "The Fox." Riding the bench as though it were a bronco in full buck, McGuire baits officials ("I must hold the Carolina record for technical fouls"), indicates uncontrollable wrath by rising ominously from his seat and taking off his coat. Behind him, as if on signal, Abbey rooters stand to doff theirs in sympathy. Showman McGuire has also

in Al and Dick McGuire are no kin to Frank McGuire, another New Yorker who played for St. John's, now recruits home-town boys for the winning teams he coaches at the University of North Carolina.

outraged basketball purists by offering to buy every spectator an ice-cream bar if Abbey lost—it did, but the ice cream was donated free by a manufacturer—and by insisting that there are "no secrets to basketball any more except recruiting." Says he: "Give me a seven-footer and I'm smarter than any coach in the business."

The more he wins, the harder McGuire has to hunt for opponents. Most major



BELMONT ABBEY'S MCGUIRE & PLAYERS
A lunch for the hungry.

teams in the Carolinas do not want to risk playing Goliath to Abbey's David. As a result, Belmont Abbey this season will play 22 of its 25 games away from home, including flings for glory against big-time St. Bonaventure and Niagara. Says Al McGuire: "These kids of mine are as good as any you'll find at any school. But nobody wins on the road in this game. If I could get a decent schedule, we could go all the way."

Scoreboard

¶ Poking through a collection of 120 players put up for grabs by the eight established American League teams, the newly formed Los Angeles Angels and Washington Senators (the old Senators creaked off to Minneapolis-St. Paul) each fished out 28 men for their rosters. First pick of the Angels: erratic Yankee Right-hander Eli Grba, 26. The Senators first chose aging (35) Yankee Pitcher Bobby Shantz, then promptly traded him to Pittsburgh for Reliever Benny Daniels and two minor leaguers.

¶ Famed for an old-fashioned ground attack, Coach Vince Lombardi's resurgent Green Bay Packers switched signals and passed their way to a 35-21 win over the Los Angeles Rams to clinch the National Football League's Western title. Next week in the league-championship game against the East's Philadelphia Eagles, the Packers will match the power game of Hallback Paul Hornung and Fullback Jim Taylor against the pinpoint passing of nervous Eagle Quarterback Norm Van Brocklin.

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Old Devil Moon

Just before dawn one morning last week, a 98-ft. Atlas-Able rocket rose majestically from its launching pad and for 68 seconds cut a brilliant, steady swath through the Florida sky. Then, suddenly, the rocket's nose lurched, and an instant later a red-orange mushroom blast shattered the sixth U.S. attempt to put a paddle-wheel satellite in orbit around the moon. If the feat had succeeded, it would have rivaled even the Russian successes of hitting the moon and photographing its backside.

As it was, last week's failure put an ignominious end to the \$40 million hurried-up Atlas-Able lunar probe program. Rather than try again with Atlas-Able, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration last week called off future moon shots until next summer, when more powerful rockets are due to be available: the Centaur and Agena B which, atop the Atlas booster, will provide more efficient thrust in the upper stages, should be able to carry payloads of up to 700 lbs. to the moon. But with the U.S. out of the running now for at least six months, the Russians may well get there with a profitable payload first.

Slaughtering for Safety

The Smithfield Show, Britain's largest agricultural exhibition, is normally a roistering baryard symphony of bleats, moos and grunts. But this year virtually the only sound to be heard in the show grounds at London's cavernous Earl's

Court was the occasional roar of a tractor. For the first time in memory not a single animal was competing for the Smithfield's blue ribbons. The reason: one of the most virulent outbreaks of foot-and-mouth disease in modern British history.

Borne by the Wind. Though foot-and-mouth disease is rarely fatal—most animals recover after two or three weeks of painful blisters on the hoof, tongue and inside of the mouth—it strikes fiercely at dairy cattle, sharply reducing their milk production and afflicting them with sterility, heart trouble and chronic lameness. Produced by a virus, the disease is rampantly contagious, can be carried by humans (who very rarely contract it), birds, wild animals, frozen meat and even the wind. To combat its dread effects, Britain's Ministry of Agriculture has adopted a Draconian policy: the slaughter of an entire herd if even one animal has been stricken. Since the current outbreak began in early November, Ministry of Agriculture officers have killed 42,000 cattle, sheep and pigs, paid out \$2,800,000 in compensation to farmers.

Whenever a single animal comes down with foot-and-mouth, the farm on which it lives and all the surrounding territory in a 15-mile radius are declared "infected areas." At the height of this year's outbreak, most of Scotland was posted and only two English counties north of London were out of quarantine. Even sportsmen and gourmets were affected: fox hunting was banned in certain areas, racing pigeons could not be transported to and from Northern Ireland, and wild stag

—a favorite seasonal dish—was swept from table. From Dorset to Angus, husbandmen feverishly telephoned neighbors to discover if a new outbreak had occurred, isolated themselves from visitors for fear the virus would be tracked in.

Of Mice & Muscles. As losses mounted, farmers, Members of Parliament and editorial writers began to ask if it was still necessary for Britain to stamp out animals along with the disease. Sympathetic to their pleas, the British government is spending nearly \$1,000,000 a year on foot-and-mouth research at laboratories in Pirbright, Surrey, has already developed one promising immunization technique similar to live polio virus inoculations: an attenuated live foot-and-mouth virus is grown in a culture of kidney tissues, then injected into chick embryos, mice, and finally into the muscles of animals where it multiplies harmlessly, stimulating the production of antibodies.

So far, however, field trials of the Pirbright vaccine have been limited to South Africa, Kenya and Tanganyika, and until a surefire vaccine is discovered, the British government sees no alternative to mass slaughter of infected herds. Chief reason is that to do otherwise would end Britain's profitable exports of breeding stock to Canada and the U.S., both of which refuse to admit cattle from areas where foot-and-mouth disease is endemic and controlled only by immunization. This was a precaution Britain could well understand, since the most likely cause of Britain's own current troubles was frozen meat from Argentina—where the policy is vaccination, not slaughter.

Molten Energy

In November 1959 when Hawaii's Kilauea Iki volcano suddenly erupted and formed a lava pool 300 ft. deep in its own crater, no one in the neighborhood saw any particular reason to cheer. But at the University of California's Livermore Radiation Laboratory, the news brought joy to the hearts of a pair of bright young scientists. To Geologist Donald Rawson, 26, and Physicist Gary Higgins, 33, the new lava pool sounded like an ideal testing site for a key phase of the Atomic Energy Commission's Project Plowshare: a plan for harnessing a steam-powered turbogenerator to the tremendous heat released by underground nuclear explosions.

Figuring that the drilling problems encountered in piercing the crust of the lava lake to its molten core would be similar to tapping the heat of molten rocks created by a man-made blast, Rawson and Higgins set up a gasoline-driven rotary drilling rig in the middle of Kilauea Iki's cone on the steaming crust of the lava pool. Using compressed air as a coolant, they drilled a 3½-in. hole into the crust at the tedious rate of 1½ ft. every eight hours. The 1,652° heat damaged the diamond bits and jammed pipe threads, forcing a switch to powdered graphite as a lubricant. At nearly 17 ft., Rawson and Higgins added water to the compressed air, found that this speeded their drilling up to the rate of a foot an hour. Finally, at



VICTIMS OF BRITAIN'S FOOT & MOUTH CONTROL PROGRAM
In place of bleats, a blare of silence.

Keystone

19½ ft. the bit sank into molten lava after passing through temperatures as high as 1,067°—more than the heat a nuclear blast would produce in an ideal Plowshare experiment.

Last week both men were eager to return to Kilauea Iki to try to convert the molten heat to power. By pumping water under high pressure down a pipe to the bottom of the pool and allowing it to percolate to the top as high pressure steam, they believe they might be able to tap enough power to drive a generator.

But Rawson and Higgins have another reason for wanting to return to Kilauea Iki. In drilling their hole they discovered that nitrogen and carbon dioxide were seeping from it. There is a chance that these gases came from the atmosphere, the ocean or surface rocks, but if they can be proved to have come from the virgin lava itself, they may contribute valuable evidence about the formation of the earth. One theory holds that the earth was formed quickly out of dust particles and that it kept hot enough while growing to drive all gases out of its interior. A rival theory is that the earth grew slowly and kept fairly cool, trapping much gas in its insides. Only after radioactivity had heated and melted the deep-down rocks did the gases try to escape through volcanic vents. Samples of uncontaminated gas from virgin lava should help geophysicists decide between the two theories.

Starry-Eyed

One of the scientific highlights of any year is the Carnegie Institution's annual report on the projects it has underwritten in fields ranging from physics to plant biology. Most eye-popping items in the 1960 report, which was released last week, were the major astronomical findings made by the institution at Mount Wilson and Palomar observatories in California. Among the notable discoveries and new-found mysteries:

❑ A picture of the "edge" of the known universe: two apparently colliding galaxies 6 billion light-years away. The most distant impression ever received by man revealed that the giant clusters of galaxies, at least as large as our own Milky Way, were racing away from the earth at 90,000 miles per second, about half the speed of light.

❑ A distant group of stars whose light, analyzed by a delicate photometric technique, indicates that they may be 25 billion years old. One probable consequence of the find: drastic revision of previous estimates that the universe is 7.4 billion years old and our solar system a mere 5 billion.

❑ Several stars or star clusters showing inexplicably wide deviations in their chemical composition. In some cases, they varied vastly in the amount of lithium and beryllium they contained, and one star (3 Centauri A) contained 100 times more phosphorus than the sun. The discovery poses the still unanswered question: Why do stars have such different contents if, as is generally supposed, they were all formed by similar processes?

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SHOW BUSINESS

NIGHTCLUBS

The Birds Go There

When Leland Hayward and his third wife, Slim, were divorced last May, part of the settlement involved territorial rights in New York nightclubs, to avoid embarrassing encounters. Hayward, for example, was assigned one side of El Morocco, while Slim got the other side and the Champagne Room, too. Very few New Yorkers consider their nightclubs that important, but for a month now they have been hearing the din of a limited war over a 20-year-old police ordinance that requires nightclub employees—from entertainers to hat-check girls—to carry police identity cards. A Citizens' Emergency Committee has filled the air with charges of abuses and shakedowns; the cops have retaliated by combing the cabarets for careless offenders. This week Jules Podell's Copacabana loses its cabaret license for a knuckle-rapping four days, and Sherman Billingsley's Stork Club is fighting a similar suspension. To many New Yorkers, all this was only a reminder (or revelation) that their city is the most prodigious nightclub town on earth, with some 1,200 licensed cabarets.

Where once—so literature and legend have it—there existed in Manhattan waterfront saloons where savage jack-tars gargled on rotten whisky, and at the same time there were gilded salons where dissipated patricians drank champagne from slippers, most such extremes have disappeared, and the nightclubs of New York today are relentlessly middle class. With some outstanding exceptions, they are also for the birds, including night owls and predatory hawks. And the birds go there.

There are four main species: hard-looking City People, College Students, Way-Out-of-Towners, and You. Within those classifications are countless inevi-

tables: the girl with the white orchid pinned to her evening bag (first nightclub? first anniversary?); the short-haired sophomores being smoked by pipes; the woman with the leopard blouse and the tumbling, bright blonde hair; battered men with battered credit cards, wearing off-white ties. The expense-account mood is almost never really drunken and almost never really blithe. Nobody seems to feel thoroughly comfortable.

Jokes & Jazz. The really cozy just-good-dancing places—like Larue's or Le Coq Rouge, where the beat once was clear, strong and pleasant—have all but disappeared. Also gone, for the most part, is the local, rooted talent. Most entertainers nowadays travel a national circuit whose hub is Las Vegas and whose periphery is TV. The jokes and the songs are the same in New York as they are in Chicago or on the Jack Paar show.

New York night life has none of the exoticism of the Far East, or even the Western lavishness of Las Vegas, where moderately priced sirloins and an hour of Frank Sinatra serve as loss leaders for gaming tables and one-armed bandits. New York has to make its profit in inflated prices and deflated drinks—the minimum at the higher-priced places, such as the Blue Angel and the Latin Quarter, is \$7; a highball averages about \$1.25. New York has less convention-ticking cheapness than Chicago and more variety than Los Angeles, but a lack of the good-time-Charleyism of San Francisco. While New York probably has more nightclub activity than any European city, it cannot touch the vulgarity of Hamburg or the competitive, nuder-than-thou spirit of Paris, where G-strings are worn only by fiddles, and one hilariously surrealist female statue—at the Port du Salut—has a heart-shaped chamber carved in her left breast, in which two white mice play.

What New York has is jazz, man. The

city has taken over the franchise from New Orleans and Chicago, and is now Coolsville itself. The Jazz Gallery is a cold, concrete cave that could be an abandoned subway station; dedicated ears listen while Thelonious Monk passively stirs his piano or Dave Brubeck passionately tinkles his. From Basin Street East to the Roundtable, the Half Note Club to Birdland, the Embers to the Five Spot Café, the big cats prowling; and no jazz musician considers his career made until he has made it in Manhattan. There are also places like the Metropole, where the old-timers of Dixieland stand atop the bar and blare forth to people who come in off Seventh Avenue. Wild Bill Davison, Roy Eldridge, Henry ("Red") Allen—they all show up at the Central Plaza, a mammoth jungle gym where teen-agers bring their own bottles and where there are two cops in uniform, so it seems, for every kid.

Brains & Big Names. An exceptional few New York clubs also have sophistication. They have introduced the human brain to nightclub audiences. Julius Monk's Upstairs at the Downstairs, where all the waiters are job-hunting actors, always has witty, literate revues. To an ever greater degree, the Blue Angel is the Eastern institute for bright nightclub acts, helped Mort Sahl, Shelley Berman, Mike Nichols and Elaine May to stardom. In their turn, they helped the overcrowded Blue Angel, which is apparently trying to discover how many potential angels can sit on the head of a pin.

In some places the show is the clientele itself, three in particular: the Harwyn, the Stork and El Morocco. Like major-league ball clubs, they all have their stars. The Harwyn, especially *nouveau riche*, is a dissident Stork offshoot, having been started by former Stork employees, and treasures Frank Sinatra, who almost never slugs a photographer unless another one is there to snap the scene. (Eden Roc, in turn, is a Harwyn offshoot; New York nightclubs sometimes seem to multiply like amoebae.) The Stork itself is no long-



Walter Doran

THE GIRLS OF THE LATIN QUARTER
Where the U.S. is not going to pot.

er particularly chic, and even the end of its feud with Walter Winchell has done little for either party. El Morocco, which still retains its zebra-striped glamour, is nitery-by-appointment to the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

Like so much citrus fruit, patrons turn up to be graded. Discrimination once occurred at the door and at the velvet rope, but it now occurs more notably inside. Where one is seated is all-important; Big-Namesville may be just a table away from Squaresburgh, but the distance in prestige cannot be measured. The far side of the dance floor at El Morocco might as well be on the far side of the Urals. Restaurants, of course, are similarly ordered; according to bright, ubiquitous Leonard Lyons, best of the New York chroniclers, the rear room upstairs at the 21 Club is "absolute Siberia," while the best table at El Morocco is just inside the door on the right (the Duchess of Argyll, Yogi Berra).

All these social distinctions and celebrity gradations are the patient work of headwaiters, who eat \$5 bills while riding home on the subway. Right behind them are the club owners themselves, notably John Perona of El Morocco, a proud, tough member of the 8,000,000, whose daytime chalk-stripe suits shine like awnings in the sun, and the Stork's Sherman Billingsley, who, like any nightclub snob, is forever practicing the difficult feat of looking down while looking up.

Voodoo & Sequins. The large entertainment rooms of the hotels have the clearest, most agreeable atmospheres. The Persian Room at the Plaza is the most attractive, almost always features a lone singer (Lilo, Lisa Kirk, Hildegarde). The Waldorf's Empire Room, whose headwaiter has cultivated the manner of a Habsburg prince, offers the biggest marquee names, second only to the Copacabana. They include oldtimers and almost-old-timers (Nelson Eddy, Lena Horne, currently Dick Haymes and Fran Jeffries) as well as occasional newcomers; recently the room sported the Kim Sisters—three Koreans who sing American and yodel, too. The Maisonette at the St. Regis has a small circle of chanteuses who supposedly appeal to society—Julie Wilson, Vicky Autier *et al.* The Cotillion Room at the Pierre does abridged versions of operettas that suggest only condensed milk.

For every Cotillion Room or Maisonette, the city has at least 100 small, usually drab, sometimes offbeat places, supporting all the piano players whose mothers forced them to go on taking lessons. Each has something reasonably unique, however slight. At 55th Street's Gaudemus, tourists go for the foam-rubber padding along the edge of the bar, presumably there to protect them if the bar crashes. The best belly dancing east of Scranton, Pa., goes on in the Egyptian Gardens on West 29th Street. The African Room is full of thatch, fronzies, voodoo masks, a men's room called Tranzi and a ladies' room labeled Jane.

For all the extraordinary miscellany of New York's night life, no club can touch the Latin Quarter—no, not with a ten-



COUNT BASIE AT BIRDLAND
Where the big cats prowls.

Walter Doran

foot pole, for sheer expensive tawdriness. Unlike the Copacabana, which concentrates on headliners (Joey Bishop, Sammy Davis Jr.) and surrounds them with half a dozen pretty chorines and vegetation by Goodyear, the Latin Quarter spends its budget on quantity, on big casts, on halfway talents and halfway nudes. A fanfare brings out the girls—girls dressed in balloons, girls dressed in sequins, girls in high heels clicking along the stage rim, nearly stepping on the ring-siders' elbows. After the updated burlesque comedians, the rubber-legged clown, the croaky grand-opera sextet, the long evening ends with a flourish—figure skaters on a rink the size of the late Serge Rubinstein's bed. Like New York night life itself, all this looks better from a distance. From the back of the huge room, the show seems gay and sexy, but when seen close up, the picture dissolves into the depressing details—forced smiles, smudged and sweating faces, bruises under torn net stockings.

Strip & Gibbon. One significant fact is that the whole spectacle is anything but wicked. Burlesque has never come back since La Guardia, and the strip joints are more pathetic than inflammatory—particularly since Strip Row on West 52nd Street was closed down in deference to all the big new office skyscrapers and remote Greenwich Village has become almost the last outpost of the skin trade.

Despite some mob money invested here and there, the U.S. is not going to pot in the smoky grottoes of Manhattan, and no Gibbon is going to find his *Decline and Fall* in them. He would find much expensive tastelessness, along with some great entertainers who are really worth the cover charge, and if his taste is jazz, he would find the best around. But all together, the clubs probably pull fewer rivets out of civilization than, for example, a single lunch counter on 14th Street, which is S.R.O. now in the Nativity season, under a towering sign: THE PRINCE OF PIZZA. As far as its night life is concerned, New York is no longer O. Henry's Bagdad-on-the-Subway.

TELEVISION

From the Work of the Masters

The script is mainly by St. Luke, the pictures by the greatest hands of the High Renaissance, and the result is one television show that will probably be run and rerun—in churches, schools, art courses, and over the air. Scheduled for this week (Wednesday, Dec. 21), *The Coming of Christ* is the latest in NBC's superb *Project Twenty* series, uses the same technique of still photographs and quiet narration that made television masterpieces of 1950's *Meet Mr. Lincoln* and last April's *Mark Twain's America*.

This one, however, is in color; brilliant reproductions—from Rubens to Rembrandt—fill the screen, with occasionally interspersed photographs of the pastel landscape of the Holy Land as it is now. Accompanied by a superb Robert Russell Bennett score, detail follows detail from the works of the masters—the pale, thin-lipped face of the Virgin in Rogier van der Weyden's *Annunciation*, fearful tears in the aged eyes of a Jordans shepherd, Massys' open-mouthed Magi. Skillfully but not tritically panning across the pictures from face to face, scene to scene, Producer-Director Donald Hyatt achieves a unique sense of motion and drama. Gradually, the life of Christ (to the Sermon on the Mount) is told more effectively than it ever could be from a pulpit.

The program's distinction stems from a long and collective experience, rare in television, that began nine years ago with the 26-part series *Victory at Sea* (to be revived next week in a 90-minute condensation), followed by such milestones as *The Jazz Age* and *The Innocent Years* (1900-14). For early next year, Hyatt & Co. have prepared a program on American music in the '30s and an examination of *The Red West* (Gary Cooper narrating) that should leave the average TV eater looking like whiny the pooh. And this Easter or next *Project Twenty* will complete its life of Christ, taking the story step by step through Tintoretto's *Crucifixion* and Mantegna's *Ascension*.

THE PRESS

A Word to Tiny Minds

When he is in the mood for Yank-baiting, no one does it with more enthusiasm than Yank-admiring Lord Beaverbrook, 81, Canadian-born proprietor of the London *Daily Express* (circ. 4,250,000) and three other British papers. Beaverbrook's intermittent brand of anti-Americanism rests on the suspicion that the U.S. is out to reduce Britain to satellite status, has manifested itself in everything from his opposition to a 1946 U.S. loan to Britain ("We have sold the Empire for a trifling sum") to wild editorial outcries at the Ford Motor Co.'s recent bid to buy 100% control of its British subsidiary ("Why should all the profits flow across the Atlantic?"). Last week, newly returned from an 18-month U.S. sojourn, the *Express's* "This Is America" columnist, personable Peter Chambers, 36, unstopped a report that read startlingly like a chapter-and-verse rebuttal of his paper's—and his boss's—views.

"What makes an anti-American?" inquired Chambers. "Envy, for one thing; a kind of meanness which resents the fact that any country should be bigger and richer than we are."

"At a cocktail party in Chelsea you run into anti-Americanism as expounded by a public school man: 'Those dreadful cars . . . And isn't the food tasteless . . . and they have really no manners . . .'"

"Americans are noisy and often impatient in public places, but the idea that they are ill-mannered is a myth. They have, in general, better manners than I have met anywhere else in the world."

"Do let's try to get up to date on the U.S. . . . We are dealing with a highly sophisticated people, and it's time we got rid of our folk-image of the American as



Robert L. Bechard

"DAILY EXPRESS'S" CHAMBERS
"Do let's try to get up to date."

a boob from Hicksville with a cigar in his face, a camera round his neck, and a roll of dollars to buy culture with."

"A report to the State Department recently stated that 47% of the British people believe we should not commit ourselves to either America or Russia. My response to this is: Are we out of our tiny island minds? America has bailed out the free world since the war with billions of dollars. Many people resent her generosity; but at least let us not impugn her good intentions."

Twin Troubles

When he nationalized his country's press last May, U.A.R. President Gamal Abdel Nasser showed special tolerance for a pair of his oldest supporters—Cairo's weighty (476 lbs. between them) publishing twins, Mustafa and Ali Amin, 47. Though they were formally stripped of their ownership of Cairo's most popular daily, the jazzy *Akhbar el Yom* (News of the Day), the Amins were allowed to keep control of the paper's twelve-man editorial board and were saddled with only one government representative, Amin Shaker, 37, once Nasser's secretary. But last week the twins found themselves deprived of their property in fact as well as in theory.

The Cardinal Sin. The Amin brothers' sin was not sedition but success. Like every other Cairo paper, *Akhbar* dutifully printed interminable Nasser speeches and daily photos of the dictator's dazzling grin. But it also continued to be the racy, mischievous paper that Cairo readers (except the puritanical Nasser) had learned to love. In *Akhbar*, Nasser's highly publicized visit to India last spring played second fiddle to a story with the banner head: MAD KILLER SHOT IN SUBURBS. Nasser was further irked by *Akhbar's* juicy coverage of Cairo society divorces. Against this formula, the official government organ, *Al Gumhuria* (the Republic), went so deeply into the red that not even giveaway promotion schemes could pull it out.

The twins' real trouble, however, began when Nasser—despite his reservations about *Akhbar*—chose Mustafa Amin to accompany him to the U.N. last fall. This deeply offended Government Watchdog Shaker, who had counted on the trip for himself. Setting out to undermine the Amins' popularity with their employees, Shaker told *Akhbar's* printers that they should no longer submit to the twins' "capitalistic exploitation" and grandiosely promised all staffers a 40% pay raise.

A Slight Misunderstanding. Catching wind of Shaker's maneuvers, the Amins coldly passed word that *Akhbar's* once fat profits had dwindled to the vanishing point since Nasser's nationalization. There would be no raise, they said. Enraged at this "reneging," a crowd of infuriated typesetters pursued the brothers to their ninth-floor office, besieged them with shouts of "Swindlers! Stealers!" Police drove them away. Soon after, Nasser



James Burke-Life

ALI & MUSTAFA AMIN

"Something of a misunderstanding."

barred both the Amins and Shaker from the *Akhbar* building.

Cairo rumor now has it that Nasser would like to scuttle *Gumhuria* and turn *Akhbar* into a kind of Egyptian *Pravda*. But most Egyptian newsmen argued that in the end Nasser would recognize that he needed the Amins and their lively journalism to get his own message across. Such was obviously the hope of the Amins themselves, who scrupulously refrained from any criticism of Nasser, would only say cautiously: "There has been something of a misunderstanding."

Troubled Canadian Question

*Clear away all evil influence
That can hurt me from the States.
Keep me pure among the beaver
With un-Freudian loves and hates.*

So, irreverently, Montreal Poet F. R. Scott epitomized a nagging Canadian obsession: how to preserve a distinctive Canadian cultural identity alongside the powerful influence of U.S. television, books and magazines. Last week, in deadly earnest, a three-man Royal Commission on Publications—Canada's equivalent of a U.S. congressional investigation—was sounding the same theme. But along with its concern for Canadian culture, the commission had an un concealed economic spur: a demand by the Canadian magazine industry for government protection from U.S. competition.

An Old Song. Set up by Premier John Diefenbaker three months ago, the Royal Commission on Publications is headed by the Ottawa *Journal's* president and editor, Michael Grattan O'Leary, also includes John George Johnston, a Toronto public-relations man, and Montrealer Claude Beaubien, vice president of the Aluminum Co. of Canada Ltd. The committee's assignment: to prepare, for parliamentary action, recommendations that,



Imagine doing this every day—yipes!

After a three-evening hassle with Christmas cards, it dawns on tycoon-to-be, J. Thrift Upturn, that mailing is a mean, tedious, messy job; and why the girls in his office keep talking up a postage meter!

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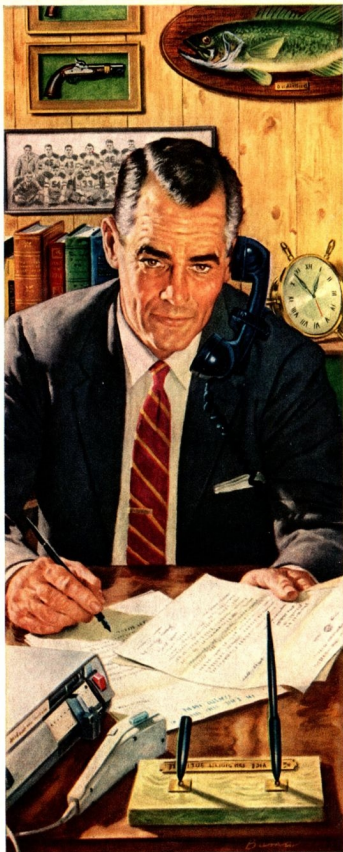
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"while consistent with the maintenance of the freedom of the press, would contribute to the further development of a Canadian identity through a genuinely Canadian periodical press."

The Canadian magazines' story is that they are fast failing financially at the hands of U.S. publications that, entering Canada with an editorial product already paid for by their U.S. circulation, enjoy an unfair edge in the race for Canadian readers and revenues. The plaint is a familiar one. In 1957 a Liberal government zeroed in on Canadian editions of U.S. magazines (principally *TIME* and *Reader's Digest*), imposed a 20% tax on their Canadian advertising revenues. Diefenbaker's Tories denounced the tax as discriminatory and as an interference with freedom of the press. Since the tax also failed to divert advertising to Canadian publications, the Tories repealed it in 1958 after they came to power.

A Scornful Laugh. What resurrected the cry for protection—besides Premier Diefenbaker's political priming of what he likes to call "pro-Canadianism"—is the fast-spreading U.S. technique of "split-run" advertising: starting late last year, the *Saturday Evening Post*, *McCall's*, *Life* and *Look* opened Canadian-circulation copies to specifically Canadian advertising. Canadian magazines, led by *Maclean's* (circ. 515,577), professed to see the handwriting on the wall.

Before the O'Leary Commission, the Canadian publishers and their supporters appealed to Canada's deep reservoirs of anti-American feeling. Said a representative of the Periodical Press Association: "Canadians laugh scornfully when spokesmen of the Soviet bloc call us a U.S. satellite, but are we not in grave danger of becoming a cultural and intellectual satellite when our reading matter becomes so increasingly American?" In rebuttal, representatives of U.S. publications contested the notion that Canadian magazines were suffering unduly, noted that between 1950 and 1959 the ad revenues of Canadian magazines rose from \$17 million to \$40 million, faster than the growth rate of Canada's gross national product.

The Percentage Play. Last week, in Toronto on the last lap of a tour that included hearings in eight Canadian cities, the O'Leary Commission was mulling over proposals that included establishment of a tariff to keep out non-Canadian publications, subsidies and tax benefits for Canadian magazines—and doing nothing at all. The commissioners had heard much testimony in favor of the Canadian publishers' thesis, but here and there another voice was raised. Sardonicly noting that as a regional publisher he had to contend with the same competition from Canada's national magazines that they complain of from U.S. magazines' Canadian editions, Publisher Michael Wardell of the Fredericton, N.B. *Atlantic Advocate* (circ. 22,982) had flatly told the Commission: "There can be no possible justification for a general assault upon American magazines—which would be nothing short of an assault upon freedom of the press."

The New Pictures

Tunes of Glory (Colin Leslie: Loper). Up at the castle the pipers are piping a jig for Jock Sinclair. Rank: acting C.O. of a Highland battalion. Origin: wrong side of Glasgow. Military record: rose through the ranks, took command of the battalion at El Alamein, led it to glory. Personal data: has hair like ginger and a temper to match. Remarks: Jock loves the battalion, the battalion loves Jock, and the paughty people who see this picture will love him too, because Jock Sinclair is one of the most lifelike crea-



MILLS & GUINNESS IN "TUNES"
The battalion liked Jock w/ tabs.

tures that ever sprang full-snooted from the jovial brow of Sir Alec Guinness.

In *Tunes of Glory*, the screen version of James Kennaway's moody and affecting novel, Jock is both hero and villain of a garrison tragedy. The tragedy begins when Jock, as acting C.O., is superseded by "a spry wee gent" (as Jock ripsnortingly describes him) "wi' tabs in place o' tites." The new colonel (John Mills) is in fact a rather glum plate of porridge, but he is just what the battalion needs on the morning after old Jock's riotous regime. He tightens up training procedures, clears out the administrative mess.

Jock of course takes it all as a personal affront, and when the new boy outrages the other officers too—by suggesting that the manner of their footing in the fling, a point of pride in kilted regiments, is a disgrace to Scotland—Jock sees his chance and takes it. At the next regimental rout he defiantly leads a drunken reel. The colonel throws a tantrum, disgracing himself before his officers and the battalion

before its guests. But the triumph and the whisky go to Jock's head, and he makes an even more costly blunder than the colonel's: he "bashes" a corporal (John Fraser) for walking out with his daughter (Susannah York). A court-martial is indicated. The colonel generously refuses to order it. To his amazement, the battalion interprets his generosity as weakness, and old Jock cannily abets the error. The train is laid that leads to a moral catastrophe in which both men are destroyed.

As a drama, *Tunes of Glory* falls somewhat short of its ambitious intentions. The script, written by Novelist Kennaway, succeeds in waging the internecine peace of barracks life, in suggesting the almost homosexual intensity of male relationships in a world too safe from women; and Director Ronald (*The Horse's Mouth*) Neame makes the most of these opportunities. But the last third of the film is confused by errors of exposition. The picture begins and middles along as a warmly human comedy of military character. The mood of the violent conclusion is unprepared and therefore unacceptable.

Even so, *Tunes of Glory* is a thoroughly superior piece of entertainment, thanks to Actor Guinness. It is amazing how this shy, soft man can transform himself—with a hank of hair, a dab of rouge and an almost imperceptible modulation of his India-rubber personality—into a roaring extravert, all man and a doorway wide.

Where the Hot Wind Blows (Titanus: Embassy). "Gigolo!" hoots a smalltime Italian racketeer (Yves Montand) when his son tries to run away with a wealthy married woman (Melina Mercouri). In shame the boy abandons her. His father then looks the woman over, approves of his son's selection and announces suavely: "You cannot go home. My room is at your disposal." Stunned, she follows him. In the room he grabs her, kisses her, slugs her, rips her dress away. "Please," she murmurs seductively, "turn out the light." Triumphant, he turns to do as she asks, turns back in horror to see her leaping from the balcony to the street.

The scene is a melodramatic master stroke, a fusion of white heat of irony and violence, and for it Jules Dassin (*Rififi*, *Never on Sunday*), who both wrote and directed the film, deserves full credit. Unfortunately, Moviemaker Dassin must also bear most of the blame for the rest, which is mildly but not terribly awful. Adapted crudely from *La Loi*, Roger Vailland's fine Prix Goncourt novel of 1957, *Hot Wind* is laden with too many big European names (Gina Lollobrigida, Marcello Mastroianni, Pierre Brasseur, Paolo Stoppa, in addition to Montand and Mercouri). When not glumly stumbling over each other or aggressively hogging the camera, the actors all seem loyally determined to play down to Actress Lollobrigida's level, and with the help of the worst dubbing job since Mickey Mouse first spoke in Swahili, they just about make it.

RELIGION

Four New Hats

Pope John XXIII appointed four new cardinals last week, thereby raising the membership of the Sacred College of Cardinals to 86. Two of the new red hats go to South Americans, one to an Italian and one to an American. Archbishop Joseph Elmer Ritter, 68, of St. Louis, Mo., one of America's most vigorous Roman Catholic prelates.

When he was appointed Archbishop of St. Louis in 1946, to succeed John Cardinal Glennon (who died on his way back to the U.S. after being made a cardinal by Pope Pius XII), St. Louisans found Indiana-born Archbishop Ritter a far different kind of man from the warm and outgoing Archbishop Glennon. Slender almost to frailty, with rimless glasses and a gentle voice, Ritter seemed unapproachable and colorless at first, but it was not long before St. Louis' 450,000 Roman Catholics knew how much more he was than an office manager.

Some of the city's parochial schools were segregated and some were not; Archbishop Ritter ordered in 1947 that all be integrated at once. "The cross on top of our schools must mean something," he said. When a group of diarch segregationists threatened to take legal action, Archbishop Ritter squelched them fast with the announcement that anyone involved in such a movement would be excommunicated.

Under Archbishop Ritter, St. Louis has

⊗ Giving the U.S. six cardinals. The others: Spellman of New York, Meyer of Chicago, McIntyre of Los Angeles, Cushing of Boston, and Muench, former bishop of Fargo, N.Dak., now serving at the Vatican Curia.



CARDINAL RITTER

The cross on top must mean something.

gained 41 new churches and 16 new hospitals. St. Louis has also acquired a warm feeling for the quiet archbishop, who is notoriously inaccessible to newsmen. Asked by one of them—tongue in cheek—whether as cardinal he planned to hold regular press conferences, Archbishop Ritter smiled broadly. "I think I'll wait to see what Senator Kennedy's going to do," he replied. "He may give you more press conferences than you'll know what to do with."

The other new cardinals:

⊗ Archbishop José Humberto Quintero, 58, of Caracas, Venezuela, was born of humble parents in the Andean village of Mucuchies, near Mérida, won scholarships to continue his education in Rome and eventually became dean of Mérida University's law school. A genial, round-faced scholar and amateur portrait painter, Quintero will be the first cardinal in Venezuela's history.

⊗ Archbishop Luis Concha Córdoba, 69, of Bogotá, Colombia, was born to a powerful and cultured family (his father was President of Colombia from 1914 to 1918). A shy, modest man, Archbishop Concha Córdoba is recognized to be an able administrator with a forward-looking viewpoint that makes him trusted by the Liberals—Colombia's majority political party, which favors separation of church and state.

⊗ The most Rev. Giuseppe Ferretto, 61, a noted archaeologist and Secretary of the Sacred College of Cardinals, has held an impressive number of Vatican administrative posts, dealing with law, education, emigration, communications, and the church's overseas affairs.

Creeds: How Irrevocable?

"Terrible equivocation . . . pious religious jargon . . . long-winded double-talk . . ." With these epithets an Episcopal minister defied the rules of his church and sprayed scorn upon his bishops' attempt to guide their faithful.

The Rev. Edward O. Miller, 45, of Manhattan's prestigious St. George's Church on East 16th Street announced from his pulpit last week that he refused to read the 4,000-word pastoral letter prepared by the Episcopal House of Bishops at its meeting in Dallas last month. Canon law demands that within one month after it has been received, a pastoral letter must be read in each of the denomination's 7,500 parishes. But the "sheer mediocrity" of the "ecclesiastical jargon," protested Protestant Miller, made it necessary for him to disobey.

In Dallas the House of Bishops had reaffirmed the two ancient and fundamental creeds of the church, the Apostles' Creed (whose roots lie in the 2nd century) and the 4th century Nicene Creed, as being proclamations of "a gift whose kind and nature does not in itself change from generation to generation."

The old creeds were formulated to combat certain early heresies, said Miller,



Robert Walker—The New York Times

EPISCOPALIAN MILLER

The men on top should say something.

but "we are no longer surrounded by Arians, Apollinarians, Patripassians and Eutychians . . ." Today's challenge for more precise etymological definitions of our faith comes from materialism, secularism and Communism. Imposed creedal orthodoxy will not suffice. I love the creeds, I recite them, and I think I have overcome honestly the intellectual obstacles they raise. But when anyone tries to tell an Episcopalian that he is unequivocally—which means without variety of interpretation—committed to a particular creed, I can only remind him of the wisdom of Alfred North Whitehead who said, "Religions commit suicide when they find their imperatives in their dogmas."

At week's end, after Miller's fighting words, everything was quiet; all through the House of Bishops, not a creature was stirring—not even a Patripassian.

Christians—Stay Home!

Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

These words from the 37th Psalm are a stock saying for Germans in Martin Luther's translation: "Stay in your country and earn an honest living."† They had a special relevance when the psalm was read this month in 4,705 Evangelical

⊗ The Arians (4th century) viewed Christ the Son as inferior to God the Father, because created by Him; Apollinarians (4th century) believed that Christ was a union of a perfect divine nature and an incomplete human nature; the Patripassians (3rd century) held that since the Father and the Son are manifestations of an unknowable God, it logically follows that the Father died on the cross; the Eutychians (5th century) maintained that Christ did not have two separate natures—divine and human—but that the two were so blended as to constitute one.

† *Reibe im Land und nähre dich redlich.*

Union churches of East Germany. For they were followed by a statement read from all pulpits, in which the Evangelical Union Church Synod called upon East German Protestants not to defect to West Germany but to stay under Communist rule.

"Pastors and all other church officials: God will bless your remaining," the letter began. "You become guilty before God if you neglect your duties here or abandon them by your own decision. Physicians: consider if you are not sinning against God if you abandon your patients in the face of the crying need for doctors. Teachers, instructors and professors: think of the young people placed in your hands and ask yourselves if for their sakes you must not continue to bear the special burdens of your profession. All in productive work in city and country: consider whether in the cooperatives and factories you cannot still live to the honor of God and the use of your fellow men. To parents and their children: do not break family bonds without gravest necessity... Trust in God. He can preserve the faith of your children even in a Socialist school."

The Winnowing. The letter dramatized a crisis few non-Germans have been aware of. The steady flow of refugees from the Communists across the border into West Germany has been greeted by Western propaganda as an impressive "vote with the feet" against the Red regime, in which the Communists are losing some of their most valuable citizens. But there is a long-range drawback to it from a Western point of view: though the steady drain of skilled and professional people works a hardship on the German Communists, the process also consolidates the East German government by winnowing out dissidents. And the winnowing is on a giant scale. In an average month, about 20,000 refugees cross the border.

Last week mutterings were heard on both sides of the border against the Evangelical hierarchy's stern dictum. Editorialized the respected West German Protestant weekly, *Christ und Welt*: "Nobody of the Evangelical Church can... replace the decision of the individual's conscience, and it must continue to be expected that even serious Christians will see no other way out of their troubles but flight." Said one pastor with many East Zone contacts: "The reaction of the faithful ranges from surprise to skepticism to outright rejection. The appeal shows how few people in the West realize what a daily struggle Christian life is in the East Zone. History proves that sometimes remaining is impossible. Take the Huguenots—they left their country. Martin Luther taught us that councils and bishops can err."

But councils and bishops are quick to recall Martin Luther's admonition to his followers in Wittenberg not to flee popish pressure but stand their ground. "If you are thinking of fleeing and settling somewhere else," he wrote them, "don't do it, but stay where you are. Do not move your dwelling for the enemy's sake, but sustain yourselves with faith."

Prokofiev's Last

Sergei Prokofiev was one of seven Soviet composers (among others: Khachaturian and Shostakovich) denounced in 1948 "for formalistic and anti-democratic tendencies in music which are alien to the Soviet people." Confessing his "guilt," the great Russian composer promised to mend his Western ways in his next opera, which proved to be his last. Ten months later, *The Story of a Real Man* was submitted to the Composers' Union, was promptly banned as "anti-melodious" and still reeking with "the decay of bourgeois culture." Now, long after his official post-Stalin rehabilitation and seven years after his

critic wrote last week: "A work about which many overhasty and unfair things were said at one time (by myself among others) has now come into its own."

Nativity with Witches

The curtain rose on a heath full of shaggy, diabolical hags hurling harsh-mouthed imprecations into the night. Their wild language was a witches' brew of medieval Bavarian dialect, laced with great lumps of Latin and Greek; in the background, no fewer than 20 different percussion instruments fired the cauldron with a tinging, thumping cacophony. Anyone wandering into Stuttgart's Opera House last week would have quickly recognized, in



SCENE FROM "THE STORY OF A REAL MAN"
A supersensitive nose for bourgeois decay.

death (on the same day as Stalin's), Prokofiev's *Real Man* is finally being performed for Moscow audiences.

The opera proved that the cultural commissars had a supersensitive nose for bourgeois decay and no ear for music. They had completely ignored a libretto that wallowed in patriotism, and a highly melodious score. Based on a Stalin prize-winning novel, Prokofiev's *Story* tells of a World War II pilot who lost both legs in a crash and lived to fly again, after a harrowing, 17-day crawl behind enemy lines (enacting this scene, the opera's hero sings flat on his belly). With the composer and his wife themselves adapting the tale, the entire effort seems to have been embarrassing and painful to Prokofiev. As he had promised, he did weave a number of tuneful folk motifs into his usual sophisticated, modernist composition, even included a vintage Red army marching song. But the composer seemed somehow unable to conceal his treasurable pessimism and basic disbelief in the opera. When his hospitalized hero grabs a nurse and gaily dances on artificial legs to prove to doctors his fitness for combat, the music is merely polite and detached, fails to milk the emotion of the scene in approved Soviet fashion. Still, as *Pravda's* music

both words and music, the style of Germany's most highly regarded living composer, Carl (Carmina Burana) Orff, 65. Less obviously, the dark, demonic and shatteringly effective scene was the opening of a Christmas pageant.

Under a black sky, with the star of Bethlehem nowhere in sight, the witches were conjuring to prevent the birth of the Christ child. Then, as if by divine providence, they plummeted into the depths—via stage elevator. Five shepherds struggled across the snowy heath, settled in Brueghel postures around a fire, described their dreams in which angels told them (in Latin) of the Nativity. The scene was the heart of the pageant, but except for a roaring wind machine, the music had stopped completely; it was the ultimate development of a composer who has long since ceased writing for the concert hall, now considers "language power" and staging to be the prime effects of musical drama.

In the concluding minutes of the work, the distant heavenly host (on tape) thetically sang what seemed to be an authentic, slightly dissonant Latin cantus, but was in fact one of Orff's own haunting evocations of the medieval spirit. Then a procession of children filed across the starlit snowscape and knelt in adoration, while



Hannes Betzler

COMPOSER ORFF

Under a black sky, total piety.

the witches took a disheartened curtain call and skulked off as the head hag consoled: "Humans, if they are put up to it right, will crucify anybody."

In removing the Christmas legend from the tradition of sweetness and light, Orff had given all the good lines to the forces of darkness. When the witches were off-stage, the hour-long pageant was static, lacked the exciting, full-blooded drama found in most of his work, including his Easter play, *Comedia de Christi Resurrectione*. But the musical backgrounds were compelling, and the enthusiastic premiere audience demanded 15 curtain calls.

One critic called the pageant the paltry sum of "lemur-like witches from a melodrama, fur-clad shepherds from an amateur little theater, and small children from a club Christmas pageant." But other German critics found Orff's work magical, "full of simple poetry and totally pious."

Hope Opera

On Christmas Eve nine years ago, Gian Carlo Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors* had its premiere on NBC television, has been a seasonal fixture ever since. Last week another Christmas opera, *Golden Child*, was displayed on NBC's *Hallmark Hall of Fame*. Composed by Philip Bezanson with a libretto by Paul Engle, the new work sounded a lot like Menotti gone western—and gone weak. The music kept attempting to soar melodically, but kept being dashed to the ground again by its own heaviness. Still, the score had its stirring, lyrical moments, and *Golden Child* deserved credit at least for trying to be a serious addition to American opera, to TV and to the season.

Set in California, 1849, the work opens rousingly with a brawling square dance of drunken, gold-greedy prospectors at Sutter's Fort. They ignore Captain Sutter (Jerome Hines), whose heart represents the purest nugget in the West, when he

reminds them that it is Christmas Eve, wishes that "gold had never shown its yellow, sneaking face." Meanwhile, out on a snowy, nearby mountain slope, a courageous couple and their daughter (Judy Sanford) are near death from cold and starvation after a long trek west in search of a new life. But miraculously they stumble onto Sutter's Fort, where the revelers suspect them of claim-jumping, refuse to believe her story when the woman (Patricia Neway) explains:

*What saved us, what saved us, from those peaks above
Was simple love, our living love.*

The miners become a lynch mob, roaring their own credo: "Depend on hate! Our gold needs hate!" But the migrants are protected by Captain Sutter, and that night in his barn the woman gives birth to a boy. At dawn the sunlight forms a cross in the stable, and the goldiggers'



MOTHER & DAUGHTER IN "GOLDEN CHILD"
Amid the melodrama, weak Menotti.

chorus chants: "We have been fools, we have been fools," then concludes in a closing hymn, "Love turns the sun."

Amid the melodrama, *Golden Child* occasionally achieves a sort of folksy universality. While much of the time the score becomes overwrought and the lyrics contrastingly simple-minded, the two collaborators—both members of the State University of Iowa faculty—complement each other remarkably well. Poet-Professor Engle, who heads Iowa's top-rated writing workshop, had joined with Associate Professor of Music Bezanson before on—among other works—a set of tenor songs based on the poet's collection, *The Word of Love*. Although they would like to try another opera, they would not want to start next time without a commission. Explains Bezanson: "It takes about two years out of your life, and you're just lucky if it clicks."

EDUCATION

College Spawns College

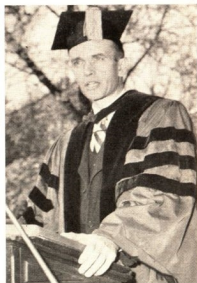
Though U.S. big-name colleges are deluged with applicants, most of them, fearing loss of quality in size, refuse to expand. Yet all are sure that more Americans need their special academic virtues. One alternative is to start affiliates in distant places—a Yale-in-Denver or a Harvard-in-Dallas.

Last week St. John's College, which is just across the street from the U.S. Naval Academy in Annapolis, Md., showed the way. President Richard D. Weigle invaded Manhattan to find foundation cash for his venture. St. John's aims to reproduce itself in as many as six affiliates across the country, starting with a new St. John's-in-California. Says Weigle: "No college has ever before tried to expand in this fashion."

One of the nation's oldest colleges (founded 1666), tiny, coeducational St. John's last year got 1,400 inquiries, could admit only 120 freshmen. It now has 277 students, next year will hit its avowed limit of 300. The obvious demand tempts St. John's to colonize the rest of the U.S.: "We think our kind of education should be offered to more people," Weigle says.

Homer to Einstein. St. John's was itself colonized in 1937 by explorers from the University of Chicago, who set out to prove that the soundest modern education is immersion in the classics. To combat specialization, all St. Johnnies take the same nonselective diet. Instead of training for jobs, they mull the perennial principles in the "100 Great Books" (now actually 168). In four years, they span more than 2,000 years of "the substance of human experience," from Homer's *Iliad* to Einstein's *Theory of Relativity*.

St. Johnnies study 60 hours a week,



Associated Press

ST. JOHN'S PRESIDENT WEIGLE
Everyone should propagate.

forgo fraternities and all intercollegiate sports except boating. They have three or four Socratic-style tutorials a week in mathematics and in languages, two in a science laboratory, two in music (for the first three semesters), plus two weekly seminars on the great books. Friday nights they hear a lecture or concert by such visitors as Mortimer Adler and the Juilliard String Quartet. Lest all of this seem medieval, St. John's boasts "more required mathematics and laboratory work than any other liberal arts college in the country."

Banned: Books about Books. The St. John's approach was begun by President Weigle's predecessor, onetime Chicago Professor Stringfellow ("Winkie") Barr, who abolished survey courses and books about books. Once a school for Maryland's landed gentry, St. John's became one of the most talked about experiments in U.S. education. It has yet to produce alumni with reputations to match the school's promise (its first "name" graduate: TV Quizling Charles Van Doren).

Under President Weigle, a Yaleman, the college has flourished. Endowment has shot from virtually nothing to \$6,000,000 in one decade. This month the trustees approved President Weigle's plan to start colonizing. He has three prospective sites in California: on the Monterey Peninsula near Carmel, where local citizens have already invited St. John's to open a campus; Claremont, where a new St. John's would become the sixth of the respected Associated Colleges of Claremont (Claremont Men's, Claremont Graduate School, Harvey Mudd, Pomona, Scripps); and Riverside, where St. John's might buy the 260-room Mission Inn.

Weigle hopes to launch a new campus for little more than \$3,000,000. Heading the faculty will be five veteran St. John's tutors (professors), plus ten new ones to be trained over the next three years. The California affiliate will probably open in 1964, will eventually become independent. Long before then, St. John's hopes to be spawning other affiliates in other parts of the U.S.

How to Be Famous

Peace and calm is no way to raise a child to fame and fortune. A home should rock with passion, roll with turbulence, all of it caused by a violently opinionated father who in his own time is a failure. His awe and admiring son will then spend a creative life avenging father.

So suggests Manhattan Psychologist Victor Goertzel, president of the National Association for Gifted Children. By studying the lives of 350 well-known people, Goertzel, 46, is trying to discover what kind of families breed the species. From the first 77 cases—he is methodically working through the alphabet—Psychologist Goertzel reports, in *The Gifted Child Quarterly*, that:

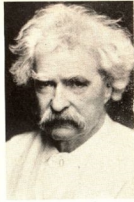
☐ "Children who are to become eminent do not like schools or schoolteachers." Many famed men found their own homes more stimulating, preferred to skip school and read books omnivorously. Today's



NOVELIST CONRAD



SUFFRAGETTE ANTHONY
Every childhood needs turbulence.



HUMORIST CLEMENS

"regimented schools" would not consider them college material.

☐ "Creativity does not result from being reared in a warm, cohesive, supportive home," although such homes do tend to produce good lawyers, humanitarians and politicians. But "ten of eleven famous novelists came from fragmented, stormy homes. Humorists come from tragic homes. Future poets and military leaders are often sickly, mother-dominated boys."

☐ Parents of famous people were often hot partisans of unpopular causes. They were revolutionaries, civic reformers, Zionists, free-soilers, agnostics, abolitionists, objectors to infant damnation. Goertzel, riding his thesis hard, concludes that "the children frequently became eminent by adopting a parental point of view, by fulfilling in action a parental daydream."

All of this turmoil may have more to do with fostering creativity than does a high IQ, says Psychologist Goertzel. He also argues that "it is not true that traumatic experiences in childhood invariably lead to emotional disturbances and failure."



PSYCHOLOGIST GOERTZEL
Every home should rock and roll.

(Only one of his first 77 cases, Red Cross Founder Clara Barton, was ever confined to a mental hospital.) His subjects loved their mixed-up homes, mainly rebelled against a mixed-up society.

Sea & Hokey. Suffragette Susan B. Anthony's father was a Quaker, an abolitionist and a temperance man who naturally took to the cause of women's rights. The hard knocks he suffered for his views swung Susan behind him and united them both in battling the world. Her first battle: boarding school, which she hated. Joseph Conrad's aristocratic Polish father was exiled to a remote part of Russia for revolutionary agitation against the Czar, made a meager living translating literature. A hungry reader from the age of five, the lonely boy was schooled largely by helping his father. Orphaned at eleven, he was sent to school, but soon escaped to sea, to England and to literature.

Sam Clemens' father was a restless frontiersman, always dreaming of wealth and never finding it. The boy loathed school in Hannibal, Mo. As he later let Huck Finn put it: "At first I hated the school, but by and by I got so I could stand it. Whenever I got uncommon tired, I played hokey, and the hiding I got next day done me good and cheered me up." Clemens himself fled school by the time he was 14.

Dunce's Revenge. Nobody fits Goertzel's findings better than Winston Churchill, who despised his tutor-governor, was sent off at seven to St. James's School, where at nine he had a physical breakdown from trying to buck the system. Churchill was Harrow's bottom scholar (and spent years mastering English while others went on to Greek and Latin). He twice failed Sandhurst's entrance exams, barely passed on his third try.

Churchill typifies the son fulfilling "a parental daydream." When Lord Randolph Churchill's political career collapsed, 13-year-old Winston vowed: "My father was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and I mean to be the same one day." The lad burned to help his father "in every fight on every march." Said Winston at his father's death in 1895: "The dunce of the family will take revenge on the whole pack of curs and traitors."

*"Which do you think comes first
...security or success?"*

KARSH, OTTAWA



A NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL POLICYHOLDER. Mr. Gill has developed his personal life insurance program entirely with Northwestern Mutual . . . in a total of 17 policies.

An important message for young men of ambition
by **JAMES P. GILL**
Chairman and President,
Vanadium-Alloys Steel Co., Latrobe, Pa.

"SOME people say a young man should think of success first and security second. I don't agree. I believe security *breeds* success. That's why I think young men should start their programs of permanent life insurance early.

"A conscientious and experienced life insurance agent can help work out a realistic balance between what young men need, and what they can afford. He can review their programs with them at least once a year as their needs and responsibilities increase.

"This way, life insurance lets a man concentrate on his career instead of worrying about his family's future. It permits him to take advantage of busi-

ness opportunities. He can *afford* to be ambitious—knowing the basic things are taken care of.

"And as he progresses, each new policy he may acquire is a measurement of his success . . . a permanent and positive record of his security. As the years go by, retirement becomes a reality . . . not just a some-day possibility. His return is guaranteed, his future is assured. This is security. This is success."

The **NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE Insurance Company**

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

"BECAUSE THERE IS A DIFFERENCE"



There is a difference!

Northwestern Mutual will again raise dividend rates in 1961!

*This is the ninth cost reduction
in nine years—and policyowners
receive it promptly!*

NATURALLY, the prime purpose of permanent life insurance is to provide financial protection for your family or business.

However, the money you invest in the form of premiums—and the return it brings—is also of vital importance. In effect, this dividend return, plus the growing cash value of your policy, reduces the cost of your insurance.

Northwestern Mutual has an unequalled record in this regard: the company has increased its dividend scale nine times in the past nine years.

In fact, according to accepted standards of comparison, Northwestern Mutual's record of return on Ordinary Life insurance has resulted in its having the lowest average net cost among 38 top companies (for which 10 year actual dividend histories are published*) covering the past 29 years.

For example, the average yearly net cost shown between 1950 and 1960 was only \$2.43. This means that if you purchased a \$1,000 policy with Northwestern Mutual in 1950 at age 35, your average yearly cost for this coverage over the past 10 years would be less than two and one-half dollars.

How does Northwestern Mutual do

it? This is an important question—and easily answered!

1. The Company's investment program is four billion dollars strong. Consisting of professionally selected securities and mortgages, the portfolio is both conservative and progressive; it earns a superior rate of return.

2. Since its founding in 1857, Northwestern Mutual has always maintained a system of applicant approval based on careful medical examination and evaluation.

3. In relation to insurance in force, the office staff is small; there are fewer than 15 clerical employees per \$100,000,000 of insurance in force. Electronic equipment coupled with simplified office procedures enables employees to give superior service at low cost.

If you would like more information, talk to your Northwestern Mutual agent. He is a highly skilled businessman—and will be glad to consult with you on any phase of your life insurance program. Of course, there is never any obligation.

The Northwestern Mutual Life
Insurance Company
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

*July 1960 Life Insurance COURANT, published
by FLITCRAFT, Inc.



MILESTONES

Married. Baudouin Albert Charles Leopold Axel Marie Gustave of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, 30, King of the Belgians; and Doña Fabiola de Mora y Aragón, 32, gentle daughter of Spain's Marqués of Casa Riera; both for the first time; in Brussels (see FOREIGN NEWS).

Married. Adam Clayton Powell, 52, Negro clergyman and Democratic Congressman from Harlem, recently divorced from Jazz Pianist Hazel Scott; and Ivette Diago, 29, Powell's Puerto Rican secretary; he for the third time, she for the second, in San Juan, Puerto Rico.

Died. Gregory Ratoff, 63, flamboyant actor, director and producer who played all his roles with a thick Russian accent, a \$2,500-a-week asset of which he made light. ("Italian, I murder; English, I only manslaughter.") St. Petersburg-born, Ratoff left Russia after the Revolution, after years as a Broadway and Hollywood star won a reputation as one of film's most versatile and gaudily garbed directors; of leukemia; in Solothurn, Switzerland.

Died. Meyer Kestbaum, 64, president of Hart Schaffner & Marx, manufacturers of men's clothing, who made his firm a model of labor-management concord and in 1955 became a special assistant (on executive management and federal-state relations) to President Eisenhower; of a heart attack; in Chicago.

Died. John Charles Thomas, 69, top-ranking U.S. baritone who rose to grand opera by way of musical comedy (*Maytime*), light opera, vaudeville and radio. Master of 15 leading operatic roles and highly regarded by the critics for his warm, rich voice, Thomas won his biggest audiences with his radio shows, was eventually granted special F.C.C. dispensation to sign off with a "personal message"—"Good night, Mother"; of intestinal cancer; in Apple Valley, Calif.

Died. Negley Farson, 70, bestselling author (*The Way of a Transgressor*) and onetime foreign correspondent for the Chicago Daily News. Grandson of a Union Army general, hard-living Negley Farson drew the source material for his hard-bitten books from careers as an oil salesman in the U.S., engineer in England, arms salesman in Czarist Russia, aviator in Egypt; of a heart attack; in Georgeham, North Devon, England.

Died. Moe Smith, 73, who, with Partner Izzy Einstein, formed the 1920s' funniest and most effective team of prohibition agents. Addicted to disguises—they posed variously as vegetable vendors, gravediggers and Democratic National Convention delegates—Izzy and Moe arrested 4,000 suspected bootleggers, confiscated an estimated 5,000,000 bottles of hooch; of a stroke; in Yonkers, N.Y.

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Plight Before Christmas

For many a worried U.S. retailer, it was the plight before Christmas. "Of course we're not ahead of last year's sales now," Bloomingdale Board Chairman J. Edward Davidson summed it up last week. "But with two extra shopping days this Christmas, we still have a chance to

be off some 15%. The lunch-counter boycotts are keeping Negroes away; fear of disturbances is restraining white shoppers.

Chicago department stores were among the best off: 1960's total sales trail 1959's by only 1%, and, spared last week's snows, Chicago expects holiday buying to put merchants over the top for the year. Chicago's big Discounter Sol Polk expects Polk Brothers sales to be up 5% for the season and year, is doing a boom business in aluminum Christmas trees and—despite the lack of heavy snow—home snowplows. More than 1,000 plows priced from \$129 to \$169 have already been sold v. only 100 at this time last year. Polk thinks the home snowplow is beginning to compete with the foreign car as "the new mark of distinction in the suburb." Montgomery Ward has a solid cake ready for holiday frosting. Last week it reported sales for its first fiscal ten months up 4.6%.

Though department stores were worried about Christmas sales, total retail sales held virtually steady for November at a seasonally adjusted \$18.6 billion—down only \$100 million from October, which rang up the second highest monthly rate in history. Durable-goods sales declined 2% from October, but the losses were partially offset by gains of food stores, restaurants and clothiers. Moreover, the Commerce Department cheerily predicted a sharp rise for December (see chart).

The base for the healthy retail sales record was easy to see: the Commerce Department reported that personal income in November held steady at the annual rate of \$409,500,000,000—a record high.

The End of Capacity

The continued slide in steel production—down to 48.7% of capacity from 49% the previous week—last week brought an overdue change in the way the industry will announce its output. The steelmakers, who have been worried that the rate of capacity figure is not only discouraging these days but does not give an accurate picture of the industry (TIME, Nov. 14), decided to drop it. Many steelmen feel that the capacity comparison has made steel production look worse than it actually is, since the most profitable rate of production is around 80% of capacity instead of 100%. Much of the equipment included in capacity is obsolete and usable only in times of emergency.

After Jan. 1, the American Iron and Steel Institute will issue only the actual tonnage output. The institute tried doing this several years ago, but outside experts went right on making their own computations by simply comparing the actual tonnage with capacity, thus forced the institute to start releasing the capacity figure again. Now the institute has a solution for that problem. Normally, in January, it publishes the increase in capacity

during the past year, a computation that is made only once a year. Next month the institute will not release a new capacity figure, thus hopes that outsiders will not be able to make their own calculations.

Intensified Relaxation

While total retail sales held up, other sectors of the economy fared less well. In the third quarter, the annual rate of corporate profits before taxes dropped \$3 billion to \$42 billion. The resulting loss in corporate taxes will just about wash out chances for a federal budget surplus this year. Housing starts slipped 1% in November. Industrial production dropped two points in November to 105 (1957 equals 100), lowest level of the year. To describe these troubles, Per Jacobsson, managing director of the International Monetary Fund, last week contributed a new phrase in 1960's game of economic wordmanship. His phrase: "An intensification of the relaxation."

AUTOS

Romney's Second Crusade

The evangelist of the auto industry, President George Romney of American Motors Corp., announced last week that he was "lighting the candle" for his second crusade. (His first: the compact car.) The new crusade, he declared at a New York press conference, is a "progress-sharing plan to aid the neglected consumer." As of Dec. 1 through March, customers who buy American Motors cars will get rebates of U.S. Savings Bonds if sales increase enough over the year-ago levels.

Each buyer of an American Motors car



top 1959." For the year so far, store sales are barely even with 1959's record totals. The big test is in the sales that are made in the gift-buying stretch between Thanksgiving and Christmas—usually 16% of the year's total. For most retailers, Christmas sales make the difference between a record year and an also-ran.

The first reports were almost as variable as the weather.

New York City stores fell 1% behind last year in the first full week in December, although New York's Lord & Taylor scored the best single sales day in its history. But last week New York was hit by heavy snows that kept shoppers at home—except for those hunting overcoats, gloves and overcoats. Boston also was blizzarded. To catch up, downtown Boston stores stayed open Saturday night for the first time in history.

In the South the weather had a different effect. After a November increase of 8%, Miami Christmas sales lagged until chilly weather last week stirred shoppers into a buying mood. Atlanta retailers gloomily expect Christmas sales to



AMERICAN MOTORS' ROMNEY
Lighting a candle in the dark.



INTERIOR OF THE S-61

will get a \$25 bond for every 10% increase. The effects will be cumulative. Thus if December sales increase 10%, and there is another gain in January so that the two months' total rise is 20%, the December buyer who has already received one \$25 bond will get another, and the January buyer will get a \$50 bond. The most any buyer can get is \$125 in bonds for a 50% increase. Romney said he would probably renew the plan after the four-month trial.

A 10% increase in sales during the trial period would cost the company \$2.8 million; a 50% increase would cost it \$18.7 million. The first Wall Street reaction was one of suspicion. By week's end A.M.C. stock was off one point. What the sellers failed to realize is that Romney cannot lose. He pays nothing if sales, down slightly in December from November, do not increase at least 10%. But if his gimmick makes them rise above that, the profit on the extra cars sold will more than make up the rebates.

Romney attaches altruistic motives to his second crusade. He says that he wants to show industry a way out of the wage-cost spiral that is pushing prices up, hurting the consumer and driving business out of the U.S. Ford and G.M., said Romney, have been moving production out of Michigan and even expanding abroad "rather than facing the problem and doing something about it." They will soon produce parts abroad for use in cars assembled here, he predicted. "It is a cold, calculated effort to become exempt from national boundaries. I hope our candle will help the others to see the light."

All the other automakers saw was red. Furious G.M. officials pointed out that their Michigan employment, instead of being down, is 11% higher than ten years ago, their U.S. employment 13% higher. Far from shipping foreign-made parts into



Ben Martin

SIKORSKY S-61 ON FIRST PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION FLIGHT
Showing the way out of the red.

the U.S., G.M. actually ships U.S. parts to overseas plants.

Romney's is not the first made-in-Detroit rebate. In 1915 Henry Ford rebated \$15.4 million to customers at the rate of \$50 a car. The United Auto Workers union has suggested similar plans to automakers. Romney himself put one forth in 1957, but attached so many conditions that it never got started. This time, he says, he is going to pay off.

RAILROADS

Victory for the C. & O.

After a bitter six-month struggle for control of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, the Chesapeake & Ohio last week won out over the New York Central. The C. & O. obtained tenders from B. & O. stockholders for 55% of the road's stock, enough to ensure control. The victory was a personal triumph for the C. & O.'s fast-moving President Walter J. Tuohy, who personally canvassed hundreds of B. & O. stockholders for support, twice flew to Switzerland to argue his case with Swiss bankers whose depositors held 20% of B. & O. stock (they backed him). The Central, which was also soliciting tenders of B. & O. stock, refused to say how many it had received. But the figure was estimated as low as only 7%.

Next step for the C. & O. will be to ask the Interstate Commerce Commission to permit the exchange of stock to give C. & O. control of the B. & O. Tuohy insists on control as a first step toward merger, since he wants to make some changes in the financial structure of the debt-ridden B. & O., notably alter a clause requiring that a \$25 million bond issue be paid up if the B. & O. merges. After that, he intends to push for complete merger of the C. & O. and B. & O., which would create a vast railroad net rivaling only by the Pennsylvania in assets (\$2.3 billion) and surpassed only by the Santa Fe in track mileage (11,000). Eventually, Tuohy sees a huge, unified rail system in the East. Says he: "This opens the sluice gates. Wait till we get this merger

squared away. I have other ideas already."

The prosperous C. & O., which earned \$37,994,000 in the first eleven months of 1960 and has paid a dividend for all years except two since 1899, intends to pump money into the B. & O. system for a badly needed modernization program, will repair or replace the B. & O.'s worn freight cars. All told, Tuohy expects the merger ultimately to save the two lines \$46 million a year.

AVIATION

The Self-Supporting Helicopter

The first U.S. helicopter designed specifically as a commercial airliner last week showed off its flying ability outside the Sikorsky Aircraft factory in Stratford, Conn. For helicopter airlines, the S-61 promises to do what the famed Douglas DC-3 did for regular airlines: make hauling passengers a profitable business.

Traffic on the nation's three helicopter airlines in Chicago, Los Angeles and New York, which shuttle passengers from one airport to another and from outlying airports to downtown areas, has steadily increased from only 152,000 passengers in 1957 to 461,919 in the first ten months of 1960. But the helicopter lines make no money because their aircraft are small and expensive to maintain. They have to depend on Government subsidy, which for the three lines amounted to \$4,765,000 in the fiscal year ending last June 30.

The S-61 seats 25 passengers (12 twelve for the Sikorsky S-58 now in use in Chicago and Los Angeles, and 21 for the old DC-3), has an estimated direct operating cost of 8¢ per seat mile (7.16¢ per seat mile for the older ships), cruises at 136 m.p.h. To attract more passengers, the S-61 has a plush, airliner-like interior designed by Raymond Loewy Associates. Los Angeles Airways has ordered five ships, at \$650,000 apiece, intends to put the first two in service in late summer when Federal Aviation Agency approval is expected to be granted. Chicago Helicopter Airways has ordered four.

Sikorsky barely beat its chief competi-

The Man Who Sells Everything

STANLEY MARCUS

FOR the man with only \$250,000 to spend on Christmas presents this year, there is a store dedicated to providing a wide selection of worldly

goods tailored to his budget: Neiman-Marcus of Texas. There he may very well be waited on by the saturnine president of the company, Stanley Marcus, 55, who scours the world looking for unique, elegant and off-beat items—and likes to sell them himself. This Christmas, for the well-heeled customer, he has a matched pair of Beechcraft airplanes neatly emblazoned "His" and "Hers" for \$176,000, an espresso coffee-making machine at \$250, or a roast beef serving cart for \$2,230 (which, Marcus points out, "includes 300 lbs. of steaks or 600 lbs. of beef on the hoof").

In the oil-welling land of the big spenders, Marcus has sought not only to create a store devoted to luxury but to provide standards that his often newly rich customers can rely on. Operating a store that is in many ways comparable to the best in Manhattan, he has effectively imposed Eastern and Continental taste on his customers. Though ready to indulge rich whims, he has been known to kill a good sale if he thinks a purchase is not suitable, e.g., a mink coat for a college freshman. As a result, Neiman-Marcus is a respected name in stylish circles around the world. In the past decade Neiman-Marcus' sales have nearly doubled, will hit \$41 million this year. The original store in downtown Dallas has branched into a suburban Dallas store and one in Houston. Last week Stanley Marcus announced plans for a new \$2,000,000 store to be completed in 1962 in suburban Fort Worth.

THE idea of a luxury store in a cattle- and-cotton city of 86,000 seemed slightly pretentious when Neiman-Marcus was founded in 1907 by Stanley's father, Herbert Marcus, and his aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Neiman. It was doing all right in 1926, with sales of \$2,600,000, when Harvard-educated Stanley, then 21, went to work in the store's fur shop. Then the luxury goods really began to move. The year before the shop had sold only \$74,000 worth of pelts. Using the casual, low-pressure manner that he still assumes behind a counter, he sold \$74,000 in furs in his first four months on the job. By the end of his first year, fur sales were \$420,000.

His selling touch was matched by his talent for promotion and advertising. He instituted the annual Neiman-Marcus fashion design awards, which draw top designers from New York and Paris to the heart of Texas to show their originals. In his self-appointed role as the omnivorous merchant prince, Marcus window-shops Europe with his camera in search of ideas, on one trip spotted a French silk housecoat that he copied this year in chinchilla. Price: \$7,950. "We haven't sold any yet," he admits, "but we've had a couple of inquiries. I like it, and I like to keep my own appetite as a consumer whetted."

HE pays his help well; a few Neiman clerks, working on commission as well as salary, can earn up to \$25,000 a year. In return Marcus demands that they be unfailingly polite no matter how uncouth the customer may seem. He likes to remind them of the cotton-smocked girl who once came in straight off her father's farm. Papa had just struck oil, and Daughter spent \$10,000 to outfit herself in style, including shoes for her bare feet.

Marcus married a Neiman salesgirl, Sportswear Buyer Mary Cantrell, in 1932. Today they live at No. 1 Nonesuch Road in a modern house jammed with paintings, books and sculpture. A civic booster, he promotes Dallas with almost as much zeal as he does his store, works on everything from the Chamber of Commerce to the Symphony Society. But he likes nothing better than discovering things to sell. Once when a woman asked for a dress in a certain shade of buff yellow she had seen in a painting, Marcus had a fabric dyed to order in New York, made up a dress specially for her for only \$42. The next season Neiman's "buff yellow" was a bestseller and a fashion hit.

Though it draws the biggest promotional splash, the carriage trade is only a small fraction of Neiman-Marcus' business. "We are geared to sell the oilman," says Marcus, "but even more, the oilman's secretary." Still, it is the very special sale that pleases him most. In one working day last week, Marcus came up with the gift for the "man who has everything, including a hangover," and sold a portable oxygen tank. Another customer who wanted "something new" got a watch specially made without numbers (it had only a single black dot). And then, of course, "the wife of the Vice President-elect came by and selected her inaugural gown along with a new suit."

tor, Boeing Airplane Co.'s Vertol Division, into the field. Vertol has converted its twin-turbine military helicopter into a civilian version called the Vertol 107, will begin turning out production models early next year. The 107 will seat 26-30 passengers, cruise at 150 m.p.h. New York Airways has already ordered ten.

BUSINESS ABROAD

New Industry for Ireland

In Dublin last week the Borden Co. announced that it has chosen a site in County Cork in the heart of Ireland's dairy country to build the biggest dry-milk plant it has ever constructed outside the U.S. The new plant, scheduled for completion next May, will cost \$2,240,000, employ 50, and produce about 9,000,000 lbs. of dry whole-milk powder a year, chiefly for export to South America.

The plant is the newest example of the Irish government's successful campaign to lure in foreign industries to bolster the island's faltering economy. Principally agricultural, Ireland has provided so few jobs that each year as many as 40,000 Irishmen immigrate, mainly to the U.S. and Canada, to find work. Two years ago, the government put together an appealing package. To the foreign industrialist, it grants a ten-year tax exemption on export profits and offers to pay the full cost of training the workers (average wage: \$29 for a 44-hr. week), plus 50% of the cost of the machinery and up to one-half of the cost of building a plant. In addition, it will pay the full cost of building plants in the underdeveloped western counties. To companies locating plants in the customs-free port in Shannon, it gives a tax holiday on export profits until 1983.

Under the incentive program, 51 new factories turning out products ranging from transistor radios to giant shipyard cranes have been built for foreign firms in Ireland. For their share, foreign firms have invested about \$84 million in plants and machinery. The plants have directly created 10,000 new jobs, indirectly another 10,000. Nearly one-quarter of the plants belong to West German firms, which, faced with a labor shortage at home, have turned to Ireland for a bountiful supply of workers. Besides Borden, twelve other U.S. firms, including Brunswick Corp., Standard Pressed Steel (electronic components) and Hallmark, have set up plants in Ireland. Nearly all the products from Irish plants are admitted duty-free to Great Britain, receive preferential treatment from Commonwealth nations.

The new industry has given Ireland's economy a big boost. After years of stagnation, the gross national product is now growing at an annual rate of 3.5%. Exports, which amounted to only \$310 million in 1955, are expected to pass the \$450 million mark this year. The increase in industrial exports has narrowed Ireland's trade gap from \$271 million in 1955 to an anticipated \$224 million for 1960. As the pace of industrialization quickens, the Irish hope to close the trade gap entirely.

HOUSING

New Homes for Old Folks

On a rolling 120 acres outside Buffalo last week, engineers started planning the construction of a \$12.5 million apartment hotel and a cluster of small cottages, to be called Rockledge. It will have a pitch-and-putt golf course, lawn bowling, shuffleboard, roof garden, sun deck and an infirmary offering 24-hr. medical service. What sets Rockledge apart from other hotel projects is that it is designed to house only retired people—at a profit. Prices will start at \$8,000 to buy a living room-bedroom apartment, plus a \$112,500-per-person monthly charge for meals and maintenance. The builders of Rockledge are so enthusiastic about the vast new market to house the elderly that they plan to spend another \$87.5 million to build similar projects in 14 other states.

Exploding Market. The number of private projects to provide housing for the elderly is growing fast; Social Security payments and company pension plans make it possible for more and more of the retired to live in such developments. One-fourth of the 15.5 million U.S. citizens over age 65 receive between \$1,000 and \$2,000 a year from Social Security and pensions. Their ranks will swell as pension plans expand and the number of those over 65 soars to 20 million by 1970. Recognizing the possibilities, the Federal Housing Administration has given the housing projects a boost: it guarantees up to 90% of mortgages on profit-making retirement homes.

With this impetus, hotels for oldsters are springing up from New York to Florida. There is Springvale-on-the-Hudson, with 160 terraced garden apartments, in Westchester County, N.Y., now being expanded to 375 units to keep up with demand. Rents start at \$89.50 a month. The North Cape May (N.J.) Homes, a devel-



SPRINGVALE-ON-THE-HUDSON
For the one-half who like to live alone.

opment of houses in a resort area, is selling at prices up to \$11,000. Orange Gardens, in Kissimmee, Fla., has 215 houses at prices up to \$12,000.

A Quicker Solution. In some areas, a quicker solution is being used: the conversion of old hotels. Oldsters like them because they are conveniently near bustling business districts. Two old hotel chains—the MacArthur with 15 hotels, and the Weaver with 21—have united to form a chain throughout the South and the Midwest, called Senior Citizens Hotels Inc. They are converting several floors of each hotel for retirement living. There is a recreation room and kitchen, ramps instead of stairways where possible. Rents range from \$35 a month for a room without meals to \$125 for a bath and three meals, supervised by a dietitian to make certain that meals are wholesome for oldsters. Says Senior Citizens' originator, Charles Little: "An attractive retirement hotel sells the children whose consciences might otherwise bother them when they

move the old folks out of their homes."

One of the first to invest in retirement hotels is former Philadelphia Real Estate Man Charles S. Lavin, who has eight and is dickering for five more. He says he can make a money-losing 50-room hotel net \$15,000 a year on an average weekly charge of only \$20 for room and board. He trims overhead by having guests clean their own rooms and do all the hotel work except cooking for a tiny monthly wage (\$10 in some cases). He says that his guests not only like to do the chores, because it gives them something to do, but do them well. Says Lavin: "My office manager at the Monterey Hotel (Miami Beach) is 80 and is as efficient as you could hope for."

Thus far there are only 65 retirement hotels in the country (some have failed because of bad management), far too few for the potential market. Hotelman Lavin sees a customer in every older person who is living by himself or with his children. A survey by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare showed that 34% of all those over 65 live with their children or friends—and one-half do not like it.

TIME CLOCK

\$2.5 BILLION EXPANSION program was announced by American Telephone & Telegraph Co. for 1961, second largest outlay in company's history, only \$100 million below 1960 record. Chief new projects: launching an experimental communications satellite in a north-south orbit over the Atlantic to transmit telephone calls and TV between North America and Europe, and expanding the Data-Phone facilities, by which computers can communicate with one another over regular telephone lines.

FOREIGN-CAR SALES dropped 26.5% during first ten months of 1960. Only gainer: Volkswagen, whose sales rose 37% to 130,102 cars.

EUROPEAN STOCK MARKETS are losing their bullishness. Value of stock on the Milan Exchange has declined 40% in past four months. Paris Exchange has slipped 10% since its 1960 high last August; Lon-

don has retreated 12% from record peak. Only West German market is still strong, is expected to finish the year with stocks 29% above 1959. One result of the decline: less U.S. money and gold will go abroad.

PIGGYBACK POOL will be set up by the R.E.A. Express (new name of the Railway Express Agency). Shippers will be able to rent trailers for shipping by rail, then turn them in at 31 points across the U.S., thus save cost of returning the trailers to home base after the delivery is made.

BAN ON DIVERSIFICATION will keep Swift & Co., Armour & Co. and Cudahy Packing Co. from expanding into sales of nonmeat products such as fish, vegetables, flour, sugar, cigars, china and furniture. U.S. District Court reaffirmed 40-year-old antitrust decree that bars the big packers from entering retail trade, which they want to do.

CORPORATIONS

Aluminum Bright Spot

Reading his newspaper one morning recently, Lawrence A. Harvey, 48, chairman of the West Coast's Harvey Aluminum Inc. noticed a story that a competitor was about to make a big sale of aluminum to a new customer. With only 2% of U.S. aluminum output, Lawrence Harvey has to scramble fast to compete against the giants. He grabbed his telephone, learned the contract had indeed been agreed upon, but was not yet signed. He summoned a family conference in the company's executive suite: Father Leo M. Harvey, 75, company president; Uncle Herbert Harvey, 65, engineering vice president; and Brother Homer M. Harvey, 36, administrative vice president. Together they quickly decided what price they could offer the buyer. By that afternoon the deal was signed—with Harvey Aluminum, not the competitor.

Such tactics, backstopped by one of the

THE SOUND OF DEVOTION



MAHALIA JACKSON

SWEET LITTLE JESUS BOY MAHALIA JACKSON



SWEET LITTLE JESUS BOY
CL 702



THE POWER AND THE GLORY
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COME ON CHILDREN, LET'S SING MAHALIA JACKSON



COME ON, CHILDREN
CL 1428/CS 8225*

Coming Soon: "I BELIEVE"

...yours on
COLUMBIA RECORDS

*STEREO
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most efficient aluminum plants in the world, have made Harvey Aluminum the bright spot this year in a generally tarnished-profit industry. Aluminum's Big Three (Alcoa, Kaiser and Reynolds) are operating at an average of 83% capacity, and profits are down in the cost-price squeeze. Harvey has been operating at 100% capacity all year, this week reported record profits of \$5,000,000 for the fiscal year ending Sept. 30, despite the fact that sales slipped 1.1% to \$59.7 million.

The Family Went Along. Harvey Aluminum is an outgrowth of the Harvey Machine Co., which was founded by Leo Harvey in Los Angeles in 1914. At the start, it made everything from corsage pins to racing cars. Later it turned to making special machinery, and by World War II was the biggest such manufacturer on the West Coast. Young Lawrence had learned metalworking on vacations in his father's shop, had rushed through the University of Southern California, the California bar exams and Harvard Business School by the time he was 22. In 1946 he cut loose from the family circle to buy a war-surplus aluminum-extrusion plant in Torrance, Calif. He soon persuaded the rest of the family to go along, and the Harvey Machine Co.'s equipment was sold at public auction to finance refurbishing of the Torrance plant.

The young company's biggest problem was assuring a steady flow of raw aluminum for its fabricating plant. In 1955 that problem was solved when the Government, which wanted to increase aluminum capacity outside the Big Three, guaranteed a \$40 million bank loan to Harvey. To assure Harvey a market, the Government also agreed to buy up to 54,000 tons a year for five years, beginning in 1959, of Harvey's primary aluminum output for U.S. strategic stockpiles. Since the reduction plant's capacity is only 60,000 tons a year, this was a healthy demand-cushion for Harvey. In 1959 the company asked the U.S. to buy only 19,500 tons, this year will offer only 12,000 tons.

The Small Asset. Like other aluminum companies, Harvey prods manufacturers into finding new uses for aluminum. When a truck manufacturer scoffed at the idea of aluminum truck beds, Harvey helped build some to prove the point. Today 85% of all truck beds and semi-trailers are aluminum, v. the 85% once made of steel. To show railroad skeptics, Harvey recently had built an all-aluminum 85-ft. railroad car, now has constant requests for its use, hopes orders will follow.

Because it is comparatively small, the company is able to shift production easily, concentrate on producing the aluminum products most in demand. Though Harvey has thus made an asset of its smallness, it does not intend to stay small. Last summer it sold its first public stock issue of 750,000 shares of Class A common (some 4,000,000 shares of Class B stock are held by the Harvey family), raised \$15 million to help expand its reduction capacity by 25% and double its fabricating capacity to 60,000 tons.

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

¶ Thomas G. Lanphier Jr., 45, onetime vice president of General Dynamics' Convair Division, was named president of Fairbanks, Morse & Co., a subsidiary of the Fairbanks Whitney Corp. A World War II fighter pilot (his bag: 15 Japanese aircraft, including one bearing Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto), Lanphier joined Convair in 1954, became key man in long-range planning for Convair's Atlas missile program. But his blunt criticism of the Administration's defense effort and sharp attacks on rival missilemakers provoked General Dynamics Chairman Frank Pace to ease him out. On his own, Lanphier stumped the country, pleading for



Associated Press
FAIRBANKS, MORSE'S LANPHER
For an ace, a crash project.

increased spending for missiles, decided to work outside the defense field, took a job as vice president for planning at Fairbanks Whitney, which does only 5% of its business with the Government and which has been in the process of reorganization ever since the Morse family was forced out in a proxy fight two years ago.*

¶ Henry Ford II, 43, "hot man and chief executive officer of the Ford Motor Co., reassumed the post of president vacated by Robert S. McNamara, who resigned to become Defense Secretary (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). Ford is filling the post only temporarily, touching off a guessing game as to who will be the next president. Among the most likely candidates: John Bugas, 52, vice president of Ford's international group; James O. Wright, 48, chief of Ford's car-and-truck division (McNamara's job before he became president).

* President Robert Morse went to Canada to salvage all that was left of the family holdings, the Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co., Ltd., has turned it into a thriving, diversified manufacturing outfit and has asked to become a Canadian citizen.



MAHALIA JACKSON. Her voice is an instrument of glory.

She teaches a precious lesson, learned as a small child in New Orleans church choirs —singing is an act of devotion. She makes a concert hall ... a television stage... a Columbia recording studio ... a house of worship. Her voice radiates hopes, rising with the thrilling power that only faith can give. "Every person has an inner part that is divine," she says. "Singing to people is the inner part of me. I feel joy inside. Anybody I see sad, I feel a song can lift." (C)

Ecce Milnennium

WINNIE ILLE PU (121 pp.)—A Latin Rendition of *Winnie-the-Pooh*—A. A. Milne, translated by Alexander Lenard —Dutton (\$3).

Latin scholars, whenever they peek out from behind their soup-stained neckties and that untidy mess of irregular verbs, seem to be nice old dears. Take Alexander Lenard, M.D., a 50-year-old Hungarian linguist who for the last eight years has been teaching and farming in a small town near São Paulo, Brazil. When he first read A. A. Milne's *Winnie-the-Pooh*, he apparently thought of all those poor little children in ancient Rome who would never be able to read it, and he felt just awful. There was only one thing to do: translate it for them. So he did. Unfortunately, publication in ancient Rome turned out to be impractical, so Dr. Lenard paid for his book's first edition himself. Surprisingly, there was a lot of interest in the modern world, and finally, the translator turned to the U.S. He had obviously heard that the U.S. was a prosperous country with a crib in every nursery.

Published this week, *Winnie Ille Pu* proves to be a Latinist's delight, the very book that dozens of Americans, possibly even 50, have been waiting for. For the weary pedagogue, home from *The Gallic War*, it provides surcease of solism and a welcome chuckle. It might even make a suitable Latin text in a progressive school.

Classic, Medieval. On the whole, the translation is excellent (see box). In fact, it is superior to the English original in at least one respect: Milne's occasionally



PU ET PORCELLUS
Cave Heffalumpum.

clinging cuteness cannot be rendered in the sober Latin tongue. The tone of the translation is innocently serious, childlike rather than childish, and its style is graceful and frequently inspired. Milne's names and phrases take on a rich new intonation in Lenard's Latin. *Heffalumpum* (for Heffalump) sounds like the name of a dirty German town transliterated by Tacitus. *Ior* (for Eeyore) might be a monster out of a Persian legend.

The language Translator Lenard uses is generally of Tiberian vintage, seldom earlier than Augustus, seldom later than

Pliny, but the verse forms he employs are those of medieval doggerel, which he writes with distinction.

No Toast, No Butter. Now and then, of course, Dr. Lenard suffers a slip of the stylus. Forgivably enough, he fumbles a number of Milne's choicer puns ("ambush" as a bush, "issue" as a sneeze), and the great gag about Piglet's grandfather, Trespassers W, somehow just lies there in Latin. Furthermore, *panistatus cum butyro*, though verbally correct, makes no sense at all in the Roman context as a translation of "battered toast." According to Dr. Frederick L. Santee, a leading U.S. Latinist, the Romans had no toast and no word for it, and though they had a word for butter (borrowed from the Greek), they never used the stuff. Why not just *panis cum olio*?

But then, on the other hand, why look a gift bear in the mouth? With the holiday season at hand, the book suggests some redoubtable opportunities for Christmasmanship—what better gift for the child who has everything? And for just any old reader with two years of Latin somewhere in his past and Junior's copy of *Winnie-the-Pooh* in his other hand, the Lenard translation will readily provide a week or so of verbal fun and fireside games—a contribution to nursery literature that can only be compared to E. L. Kerney's translation of *Alice in Wonderland* into Esperanto.

Winners Take Nothing

THE LOSER (308 pp.)—Peter Ustinov —Little, Brown (\$4.50).

If Actor-Playwright Peter Ustinov were to ad-lib a novel on the stage or before a TV camera, it might turn out very well. With his wit, his storyteller's flair and his crafty talent for wedding the ridiculous to the dramatic, he might easily become an important prose bard. But Ustinov wants to write. While he did reasonably well in his engaging 1957 comedy, *Romanoff and Juliet*, he failed badly last year in his book of short stories, *Add a Dash of Pity*. To his credit, Ustinov refuses to quit; he has written a first novel.

The mind that conceived *The Loser* is obviously steeped in good will. But as its author says when speaking of his Nazi non-hero: "As so often happens, pen and mind tell a different story." Hans Winterschild, a Nazi infantry officer, is the loser of the title, and so, by reasonable extension, is Germany. But what if Hans and Hitler had been the winners? There are times when *The Loser* all but implies that the Allies would have been proved wrong, or so a cynic could argue. Hans is a case-history figure, a dedicated Nazi who never had to contend with conscience. When he is ordered to destroy an entire town, he does his part with no questions asked. Men, women and children are methodically shot down, the church burned with all who had gone there to seek sanctuary. To make his creaky plot hold together, Ustinov has Hans fall in love with a Florentine prostitute during the German retreat. When, quite out of character, he comes

PU VISITATUM IT

Itaque se inclinans caput in foramen introduxit et clamavit:

'Heus, equis domi est?'

Fuit intus rumor quidam sternutamenti similis et deinde denuo silentium.

'Dixi equidem et dico: equis domi est?' clamavit Pu magna voce.

'Minime,' respondit vox; deinde subiunxit: 'Noli tam magna voce clamare. Jam in primo te clarissime audivi.'

'Malum!' dixit Pu. 'Nemo prorsus adest?'

'Nemo!'

Winnie ille Pu caput foramine extraxit, aliquamdiu cogitabat et secum cogitabat: 'Aliquis adesse debet quia aliquem "nemo" dixisse oportuit.' Caput ergo iterum in foramen inseruit et dixit:

'Heus, Lepus, esne tu?'

'Non sum,' dixit Lepus nunc mutata voce.

'Nonne haec vox Leporem sonat?'

'Non puto,' dixit Lepus. 'Nollem sonare.'

'O!' dixit Pu.

Caput e foramine extraxit, aliquamdiu meditatus est, deinde caput iterum immisit et dixit:

'Quaeso bona venia, dic mihi: ubi est Lepus?'

'Abiit ad amicum suum Ursum Pum visendum, quia ille ei ex animo amicus est.'

'Sed egomet sum ille!' exclamavit Pu obstupefactus.

'Tunc ille ursus?'

'Ursus Pu.'

'Tibi persuasum est?' dixit Lepus magis etiam obstupefactus.

'Credo hercle esse,' dixit Pu.

'Age igitur, veni intro!'

.....
(*'English me that, my Trinity scholar!'*—or turn to page LIX.)

OUT TODAY

25 YEARS OF **LIFE**

The presses at LIFE have been rolling for almost 25 years. They are years that cry for superlatives—25 years in which the greatest population the earth has ever been able to support has seen more calamities, shared in greater abundance and watched more dramatic spectacles than any other generation. Now, as a fitting way to begin its Silver Anniversary Year of publishing, LIFE presents—in 118 editorial pages, 45 of them in full color—a breath-taking review of the years its editors have been recording since 1936. Here, in eloquent text and superb paintings and photographs, is a stirring cavalcade of struggle, growth, upheaval, quest. Here are the crises we survived at home and abroad, the giant steps ahead in science and in medicine that amazed us, the art that brought us great beauty. Here are the events and personalities, the fads, the fashions and changing tastes that made these years “the most crowded quarter-century in the history of mankind.” You can relive them in words and pictures in the exciting pages of LIFE’s issue this week.

A SPECIAL YEAR-END DOUBLE ISSUE



back to find her, he is sniffed out by the police and pursued as a war criminal.

The long chase proves that Author Ustinov has not yet mastered the art of creating suspense, but it does give him a chance to do what he does best: hold up national types to clever, cynical scrutiny. His police colonel is cast as a stock Italian official, part scoundrel, part ingratiating humanist, both parts cemented by Machiavellian guile. The head of the German escape ring could be found in Central Casting along with all the lesser characters.

Hans loses out, of course, but not until Ustinov has worked some of the most quixotic flimflam in recent fiction. Characters deliver speeches that are fluent and often funny but almost never credible. What *The User* leaves behind is a sense of regret that so many nice touches have been wasted, so much comic flair dissipated in a search for what is obviously a serious statement about war, its terrors and follies.

The Royal Game

THE CHESS PLAYERS [533 pp.]—Frances Parkinson Keyes—Farrar, Straus & Cudahy (\$4.95).

The ultimate in barbiturate prose is the point at which tedium becomes coma, and perennially bestselling Author Keyes may have reached this point in *The Chess Players*. Her great sedative skill can be appreciated only when it is understood that her material, as such, is fascinating. The novel is set in New Orleans and Paris in the 1850s and '60s, contains an amorous princess, various spies and diplomats, a slave auctioneer, lovely Creole maidens, and splendidly uniformed military personnel. The hero is a brilliant, brooding fellow who becomes the world chess champion and then chucks it all for love of a faithless woman.

The author has not troubled herself to invent this chess master. Paul Morphy, the only world champion at chess the U.S. has produced, was born in New Orleans in 1837. At ten, he began beating the best players in Louisiana, and at 21 he had beaten the best in the world. A year later he abandoned chess, possibly because the girl he hoped to marry scorned the game. Morphy, as Novelist Keyes resurrects him, is a colorless weakling, whose intellect, despite the fact that everyone thinks him brilliant, is an unfavorable blend of compoop and nincompoop.

As Morphy's shade wavers through a series of chess triumphs (actual) and a career as a Confederate agent in Paris (imagined), the reader notices a few things about the Keyes technique. There are no purple patches—only grey ones—and there are no onstage sword fights or seductions. Novelist Keyes's strong point is research, and where Frank Yerby or Taylor Caldwell might liven the soggy chapter by unhooking the heroine's bodice, Morphy's chronicler merely re creates a chess game. While it is open to question how much the author knows about chess, the royal game, it is clear that she is a master of Authors, the game of royalties.

The YEAR'S BEST

FICTION

THE LEOPARD, by Giuseppe di Lampedusa. The author, a Sicilian prince, did not live to see his book published and become a bestseller in both Europe and the U.S. The hero is his own autocratic great-grandfather; in grave, glowing prose the story tells how Sicily's great landowners were brought low by revolution and their own stubborn resistance to change. Probably Italy's finest postwar novel.

THE LAST TEMPTATION OF CHRIST, by Nikos Kazantzakis. To this excellent Greek writer, God and man were one. His last book, a biographical novel of Christ, reflects the spiritual torment of the man who wrote it. His Christ is neither the Jesus who is worshipped as the Son of God nor Jesus the gentle teacher bereft of divinity, but a man who experienced a sense of divine mission and achieved it only by conquering his own weaknesses and fears.

CASANOVA'S CHINESE RESTAURANT, by Anthony Powell. The fifth installment of *The Music of Time*, in which Britain's most delicate and coruscating social Geiger counter moves through the class shambles of the late '30s.

TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD, by Harper Lee. The little-girl heroine is only five when the book begins, only nine when it ends, but in that time she learns a lot about life in her Southern town and about life's continuing confrontation of good and evil. A fine first novel.

INCENSE TO IDOLS, by Sylvia Ashton-Warner. What happens when a beautiful and amoral French pianist with a taste for men sets her sights on a God-filled, Bible-thundering minister in a dull provincial town. In this one, New Zealand's Sylvia Ashton-Warner triumphantly proves that her remarkable *Spinster* last year was no happenstance.

THE LAST OF THE JUST, by André Schwarz-Bart. Through one family, a largely self-taught first novelist follows the unrelenting horror of anti-Semitism from medieval England to Hitler's Germany. The author's grim tale belies his dictum: "To be a Jew is impossible."

CLEA, by Lawrence Durrell. Last of a quartet of novels in which Durrell, one of the few real English stylists alive, examines the shifting nature of truth against the sultry background of old Alexandria and through the devious natures of the kind of odd cast of characters that only Durrell can assemble.

THE CHILD BUYER, by John Hersey. Not consistently on target but full of troubling truth, this satire snaps and slashes at the

antihumanist trend that sees men as tools rather than souls. The Swiftian plot concerns parents, educators and politicians who acquiesce in the actual sale of a boy genius to industry.

THE NEPHEW, by James Purdy. A moving and delicately controlled demonstration that even the most seemingly placid lives are sometimes tenuously suspended over the deep. An aging brother and sister discover that the nephew they had loved and raised and who died in Korea had made some dark emotional commitments beyond the old folks' understanding.

THE TRIAL BEGINS, by Abram Tertz. Smuggled out of Russia, author unknown, this short novel moves with surgical precision through the surrealist world of Soviet prison camps and the larger reservation that is Communist society. At one end of the spectrum stands the conditioned Soviet organization man, at the other the disillusioned idealists who wonder what ever happened to their dream.

THE GOOD LIGHT, by Karl Bjarnhof. A sequel to the blind Danish author's autobiographical novel of boyhood (*The Stars Grow Pale*) that is every bit as good as the first. The walls imposed by sightlessness and the desperate efforts to break through to contact with the life of the seeing are described with candor and beauty, without sentimentality or self-pity.

ALL FALL DOWN, by James Leo Herlihy. An odd-lot family and a trusting girl direct their love toward a big brother and lover who pays them back in evil coin. The boy hero is the symbol of all deceived childhood, and the author ranges from the wretchedly seedy to the near lyrical with authority and originality.

THE LIGHT IN THE PIAZZA, by Elizabeth Spencer. Told with an economy that only serves to enlarge its virtues, this story of an American mother and her daughter in Italy faces two cultures with a rare knowing delicacy and skillfully uses the confrontation to create deep emotional tensions.

CAPTAIN CAT, by Robert Holles. An English novel, rich with lowest-class slang, in which two rebels at a military-cum-reform school discover that boyish idealism is no match for The System and the venom of original sin in which their regimented mates are steeped.

RABBIT, RUN, by John Updike. This talented, depressing book contains some of the best and some of the most shocking writing of the year. Its hollow, spineless central character leaves a trail of misery and tragedy in the wake of his weakness, a condition that, the author seems to

MIT

Dividend Announcement

Massachusetts Investors Trust DECLARES ITS 145th Consecutive Dividend

Over 214,000 owners will share in the payments from quarterly net income, amounting to 11 cents a share, payable December 27 to shareholders of record November 30, 1960.

ROBERT W. LADD,
Secretary

200 Berkeley Street, Boston



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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Exodus. Despite its four-hour duration and pro-Zionist tirade, the film version of the best-seller about the birth of Israel is an expert, inspiring political thriller.

The Sundowners. A lusty slice of life in Australia's sheep-steeped outback, with Robert Mitchum as a bush-town drifter, Deborah Kerr as his worried wife.

The Magnificent Seven. The best western so far this year, this film is an impressive and occasionally profound contemplation of the life of violence.

The Virgin Spring (in Swedish). Ingmar Bergman's beautifully filmed, holy if horrible Gothic myth in which good and evil, Christian and pagan powers collaborate in the continuous nativity of love.

Village of the Damned. In one of the neatest little chillers since Peter Lorre went straight, an English town drops suddenly senseless, wakes to find its womenfolk unaccountably pregnant.

TELEVISION

Tues., Dec. 20

White Paper (NBC, 10-11 p.m.).* Chet Huntley takes a hard look at the Southern sit-in movement.

Wed., Dec. 21

Project 20 (NBC, 8:30-9 p.m.). "The Coming of Christ" depicted in the world's great religious art. Color.

Thurs., Dec. 22

The Du Pont Show with Jane Allynson (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). Harpo Marx, in a rare dramatic role, as a death-dogged deaf-mute in *Silent Panic*.

Fri., Dec. 23

The Bell Telephone Hour (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). The sound of Christmas, with Rose Stevens, John Raitt and the Columbus Boychoir. Color.

The Twilight Zone (CBS, 10-10:30 p.m.). *Night of the Meek*, with Art Carney as a department-store Santa Claus.

Sat., Dec. 24

Christmas Eve at Washington Cathedral (NBC, 9:30-11 p.m.). Protestant Episcopal carol and candlelight service.

Pontifical Midnight Mass (NBC, midnight to conclusion). From St. Patrick's Cathedral in Manhattan.

Sun., Dec. 25

Christmas, U.S.A. (CBS, 10-11 a.m.). A view of the celebration, ranging from a Spanish-American procession in San Diego to a Harlem choral performance.

The NBC Opera Company (NBC, 4-5 p.m.). Gian Carlo Menotti's nine-year-old Christmas opera, *Amahl and the Night Visitors*.

Christmas Startime (CBS, 5-6 p.m.). A rebroadcast of last year's program of Christmas music with Marian Anderson and the New York Philharmonic. Color.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6:30-7 p.m.). The story of the opening of the world's last frontier by Admiral Byrd.

The Shirley Temple Show (NBC, 7-8 p.m.). Victor Herbert's *Babes in Toyland*.

* All times E.S.T.

revisited by the hostess, Jonathan Winters and Jerry Colonna. Color.

Mon., Dec. 26

CBS Reports (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). "The Great Holiday Massacre," about a holiday weekend's highway accidents.

THEATER

Camelot. While failing to live up to its extravagant expectations and to the richness of the Arthurian legend, the Lerner-Loewe work has sumptuous sets, a few fine songs, some stylishly medieval choreography and an expert performance by Richard Burton.

All the Way Home. A well-acted adaptation, retaining much of the moving poetry and power of James Agee's Knoxville chronicle, *A Death in the Family*.

Advise and Consent. The shallow but suspenseful adaptation of the bestselling novel pushes political roars and pawns about with the greatest gusto.

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May. In various skits, they leave tooth marks on what is fatuous, powder burns on a lot that is neurotic or just human.

A Taste of Honey. An unhistorical evocation of a world of misfits and misfortunes brilliantly played by Joan Plowright.

Irma La Douce. In a port and piquant Parisian musical, Elizabeth Seal becomes Broadway's yummiest yum-yum girl.

The Hostage. Sprawling, shocking, humane and hilarious, this play is as much a portrait of playwright Brendan Behan as it is the story of an English soldier held hostage in a Dublin brothel.

BOOKS

Best Reading

For TIME's selection of the year's best books, see page 58.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Advise and Consent*, Drury (1)*
2. *Hawaii*, Michener (2)
3. *To Kill a Mockingbird*, Lee (3)
4. *The Last of the Just*, Schwarz-Bart (4)
5. *Decision at Delphi*, MacInnes (5)
6. *Mistress of Mellyn*, Holt (8)
7. *The Leopard*, Di Lampedusa (6)
8. *The Lovely Ambition*, Chase (9)
9. *The Dean's Watch*, Goudge (7)
10. *Sermons and Soda-Water*, O'Hara

NONFICTION

1. *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*, Shirer (1)
2. *The Waste Makers*, Packard (2)
3. *The American Heritage Picture History of the Civil War* (5)
4. *Baruch: The Public Years* (7)
5. *The Snake Has All the Lines*, Kerr (3)
6. *Born Free*, Adamson (6)
7. *The Politics of Upheaval*, Schlesinger (4)
8. *Vanity Fair*, ed. by Amory and Bradlee
9. *Folk Medicine*, Jarvis (9)
10. *Taken at the Flood*, Gunther

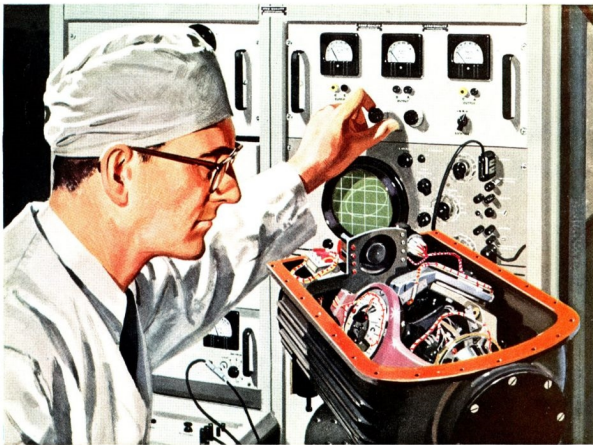
* Position on last week's list.

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that carried them (and
bors) up icy hills. An a
never boiled over or fra
They fiercely defende